A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS, FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS: FOR THE USE OF SERIOUS AND DEVOUT CHRISTIANS OF EVERY DENOMINATION.

THE SEVENTH EDITION REVISED AND AMENDED.

Hymnals [English]
K

This is the Record, that GOD hath given to us eternal Life, and this Life is in his Son, 1 JOHN v. 11.—If the Son ſhall make you free, ye ſhall be free indeed, JOHN viii. 36.—Worſhip the LORD in the Beauty of Holineſs, PSALM xxix. 2.

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A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS.

HYMN I. *Gospel Invitation.* Isa. lv. 1.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
JESUS ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r,
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
GOD's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to JESUS CHRIST and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finiſh'd."
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other truſt intrude.
None but JESUS
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb,
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his Name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

II. *The ſame Subject.* Luke xiv. 17.

1 SINNERS, obey the goſpel-word,
Haſte to the Supper of your Lord;
Be wiſe to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late returning ſon;
Ready the loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit is to move,
And form your hearts to faith and love;
Ready for you the angels wait
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate.

4 Come then, ye ſinners to your LORD
To happineſs in CHRIST reſtor'd;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And taſte the fulneſs of his grace.

III. *The ſame Subject.* Mat. xi. 28.

1 COME, weary ſouls, with ſins diſtreſt
the Saviour offers heav'nly reſt;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and ſpread your woes abroad;
Divine compaſſion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here Mercy's boundleſs ocean flows,
To cleanſe your guilt, and heal your woes,
Pardon and life, and endleſs peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 LORD, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

Dear Saviour, let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And ſweetly influence ev'ry breaſt,
And guide us to eternal reſt.

IV. *The ſame Subject.* John vii. 37.

1 THE SAVIOUR calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly ſound;
Ye doubting ſouls, diſmiſs your fear,
Hope ſmiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirſty, longing heart,
Here ſtreams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliſs impart,
To baniſh mortal woe.

3 Ye ſinners come, 'tis Merey's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear SAVIOUR, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let ſinners fly,
And take the bliſs thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

V. *The ſame Subject.*

1 YE weary wanderers draw near,
That know no ſolid peace or reſt,
Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,
And lean upon your Saviour's breaſt:
All's ſtolen fruit that can be found
To cheer the ſoul on nature's ground,

2 Come, for the goſpel bids you come:
JESUS for ſinners bled and dy'd;
The ſacred word reports there's room,
The Lamb he woos you for his bride;
Your ſouls ſhall find a reſting-place
In th' arms of everlaſting Grace.

3 The day of ſmall things don't deſpiſe;
By poverty increaſe your ſtore;
The happy ſoul that's truly wiſe,
Can richer grow by being poor:
To melt in love, to ſink in ſhame,
This be my wiſh, be that my flame.

4 Give me a ſympathizing ſoul,
To bear thy ſuff'rings on my heart,
Thy pain and agonizing toil,
Nor let me from this viſion part;
Then ſhall I heartily rejoice,
And raiſe to thee my grateful voice.

5 All earthly objects now give way,
Nature and creature both reſign;
On thee by faith myſelf I'll ſtay,
And taſte the pow'r of love divine;
Redemption in thy blood is found,
My anchor's caſt on ſacred ground.

VI. *At the opening of Worſhip.*

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Deſcending from above,
His waiting family inſpire
With joy, and peace, and love!

2 Thee we the Comforter confeſs;
Unleſs thou'rt preſent here,
Our ſongs of praiſe are vain addreſs,
We utter heartleſs pray'r.

3 'Wake, heav'nly wind, ariſe, and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our ſpices then ſhall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incenſe yield.

4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That ſhall proclaim thy word;
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the LORD.

5 Haſten the reſtitution-day,
Which now corruption ſhrouds,
New heav'ns and a new earth diſplay,
With JESUS in the clouds.

VII. *The ſame Subject.*

1 ONCE more we come before our GOD,
Once more his bleſſing aſk;
O may not duty ſeem a load,
Nor worſhip prove a taſk!

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit ſend
From heav'n in JESU's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our ſouls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honeſt heart;
Hoard up the precious treaſure there,
And never with it part.

4 To ſeek thee all our hearts diſpoſe;
To each thy bleſſing ſuit;
And let the ſeed thy ſervant ſows
Produce a plenteous fruit.

5 Bid the refreſhing North-wind, wake;
Say to the South-wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly ſhow'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

VIII. *The ſame Subject.*

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow
O! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, LORD, in vain?

2 LORD, on thee our ſouls depend,
In compaſſion now deſcend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow.

4 Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

5 Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down, lift up;
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may ſeek, and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in thee.

IX. *The ſame Subject.*

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe.
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our pray'r attend.
Come! and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs;
Spirit of holineſs
On us deſcend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear
In this glad hour.
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praiſes be,
Hence—evermore.
His ſov'reign Majeſty
May we in glory ſee,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

X. *Reading or Hearing the Scriptures.*

1 O GOD of wiſdom, GOD of might,
Great ruler in the realms of light;
Whoſe truths are hid from prudent eyes,
But make the babe and ſuckling wiſe;
Help thy unknowing ſervants, LORD,
To hear, and underſtand thy word.

2 Reveal thy ſcriptures to our mind;
Here let us heav'nly treaſures find,
Do thou thoſe ſacred leaves unfold,
Let us thy richeſt grace behold:
O let thy Spirit lead us forth,
And teach us all its endleſs worth.

3 Direct us, leſt we judge amiſs,
Leſt error cloud the hidden bliſs;
Th' ingrafted word may we receive,
And back to thee the glory give:
O make us know, O make us hear
The glorious tidings treaſur'd there.

XI. *The Light and Glory of the Word.*

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to ſight;
Precepts and promiſes afford
A ſanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the ſacred page,
Majeſtic like the ſun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it, ſtill ſupplies,
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations riſe,
They riſe, but never ſet.

4 Let everlaſting thanks be thine!
For ſuch a bright diſplay
As makes a world of darkneſs ſhine
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My ſoul rejoices to purſue
The ſteps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

XII. *The Word of God precious.*

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treaſure
Does the word of GOD afford!
All I want for life or pleaſure,
FOOD and MED'CINE, SHIELD and SWORD.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a ſtranger,
Here my hungry ſoul enjoys;
Of exceſs there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is faint and ſickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials, to revive me quickly,
Healing Med'cines here I find:
To the promiſes I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of conſolation
Is to me a mighty Shield:
While the Scripture truths are ſure,
From his malice I'm ſecure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's Sword;
Then with eaſe I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a ſword for conqueſt made,
Keen the edge, and ſtrong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miſer
Doating on his golden ſtore?
Sure, I am, or ſhould be, wiſer;
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword.

XIII. *The excellency of the Scriptures.*

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For theſe celeſtial lines.

2 Here ſprings of conſolation riſe,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirſty ſouls receive ſupplies,
And ſweet refreſhment find.

3 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart;
Here ſinners meet divine relief,
And eaſe the raging ſmart.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

5 O may theſe heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light.

6 Divine inſtructor, gracious LORD!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy ſacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

XIV. *Unfruitfulneſs lamented.*

1 LONG have we ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation, LORD;
But ſtill how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
Do our falſe hearts retain!

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy sov'reign aid impart
To give thy word success:
Write thy salvation on our heart;
And make us learn thy grace.

5 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

XV. *Before the Sermon.*

1 GLORY to God, who gave the word,
And bid the preachers cry;
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 Lord, ever give us of this bread,
And grant us ears to hear;
Hearts to receive the heav'nly feed,
And bring forth fruit with fear.

3 O may the word direct our path,
And guide our falt'ring feet;
Direct us in the living way,
And to thy mercy seat!

4 Fountain of everlasting life,
Of bliss, and truth, and good;
Give us (that we may never thirst)
To drink of Jesu's blood.

5 Fill every hungry soul, who cries,
From thine exhaustless store;
And let no one go empty hence,
But taste, and pray for more.

6 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
With the eternal Word;
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,
Increasing in the Lord.

XVI. *Before and after Sermon.*

1 WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praiſe thee for thy word;
We bleſs thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming LORD.

2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n:

3 So let thy preſent voice
Accompliſh thy deſign;
Diſtil on all our thirſty ſouls,
And conſecrate us thine.

4 Water thy ſacred ſeed,
And give it great increaſe;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

5 Then' tho' we weeping ſow,
And tears our hours employ;
We know we ſhall return again,
And bring our ſheaves with joy.

6 Our lives now hid with CHRIST,
With him ſhall ſoon appear;
And we array'd in all his light,
Shall meet him in the air.

XVII. *For the Divine Preſence.* Cant. iv. 12.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around
Choſen and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

2 Like trees of myrrh and ſpice we ſtand,
Planted by GOD the Father's hand;
And all his ſprings to Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, deſcend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad,
To entertain our SAVIOUR-GOD;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

XVIII. *The ſame Subject.* Mal. iv. 2.

1 O SUN of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
With healing in thy wing:
To my diſeas'd, my fainting ſoul,
Thy free ſalvation bring.

2 All clouds of pride and ſin diſpel
By thine all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning pow'r,
From vile deſires ſet free,
Unite my ſcatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-loſt child receive
Saviour, thy purchaſe own;
Bleſt Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy waiting creature crown.

XIX. *Longing after God.*

1 THOU hidden love of GOD, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I ſigh for thy repoſe:
My heart is pain'd nor can it be
At reſt, till it finds reſt in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the Sun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The LORD of every motion there:
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repoſe in thee.

3 O hide this ſelf from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling luſt ſurvive:
In all things may I nothing ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek, but thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul and ſay,
"I am thy love, thy GOD, thy All!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love be all my choice.

XX. *The ſame Subject.* Iſaiah ix. 2.

1 LIGHT of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling
Borders on the ſhades of death,
Come! and by thy love's revealing,
Diſſipate the clouds beneath:
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe!
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-ſight on our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chaſing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifeſt the favour
GOD hath for our ranſom'd race;
Come, thou univerſal Saviour,
Come, and bring thy goſpel-grace.

3 Save us in thy great compaſſion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of ſalvation,
Give the pardon of our ſins!
By thine all-reſtoring merit
Ev'ry burden'd ſoul releaſe;
Ev'ry weary wand'ring ſpirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

XXI. *For Spiritual Health.* Zech. xiii. 1.

1 HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is!
Our ſin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive ſouls
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

2 But there's a voice of ſov'reign grace
Sounds from GOD's ſacred word;
Ho! ye deſpairing ſinners, come,
And truſt upon the LORD.

3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief;
We would believe thy promiſe, Lord;
O help our unbelief!

4 To the bleſt fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O LORD! to fly:
There may we waſh our ſpotted ſouls,
From crimes of deepeſt dye!

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
Our reigning ſins ſubdue!
Drive the old Dragon from his ſeat,
And form our ſouls anew.

6 Poor guilty, weak, and helpleſs worms,
On thy kind arm we fall;
Be thou our ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus and our All.

XXII. *The ſame Subject.* Iſa. xl. 29.

1 SON of God, thy bleſſing grant;
Still ſupply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life! thine influence ſhed,
With thy ſap my ſpirit feed.

2 Tend'reſt branch, alas! am I;
Wither without thee, and die;
Weak as helpleſs infancy,
O confirm my ſoul in thee!

3 Unſuſtain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the ſtrength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, ſave me to the end!
Still preſerve me by thy grace;
Take the everlaſting praiſe!

XXIII. *Miracles applied.*

1 O LORD! to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.

2 Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I ſink beneath my ſin,
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

3 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy commands;
Open, O Lord! mine ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.

4 Silent, (alas! thou know'ſt how long!)
My voice I cannot raiſe;
But, O! when thou ſhalt looſe my tongue,
The dumb ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

5 Lame, at the pool I ſtill am found,
Speak, and my ſtrength renew;
Light as an hart I then ſhall bound,
And thy bleſt ſteps purſue.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of GOD, I cannot ſee,
Nor ſinfulneſs of ſin.

7 But thou, they ſay, art paſſing by,
O let me find thee near!
"JESUS, in mercy hear my cry,
"Thou Son of DAVID, hear!

7 Long have I waited in the way,
For thee, the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought and ſay,
"Sinner, receive thy ſight."

XXIV. *For a clean Heart.*

1 O For an heart to love my GOD!
An heart from ſin ſet free;
An heart that always feels the blood
So freely ſhed for me!

2 An heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only CHRIST is heard to ſpeak,
Where JESUS reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Beliving, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd
And fill'd with love divine:
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, LORD, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is ſtill the ſame,
And melts at human woe;
Send down thy grace, O bleſſed Lamb!
That I thy love may know.

6 Thy holy nature, LORD, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, beſt name, of love.

XXV. *Longing after God.* Pſalm. lxiii.

1 GREAT GOD! indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my joy, my hope, my reſt;
The glories that compoſe thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt!

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Be thou my Father, and my GOD!
And make me thine by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As trav'llers do in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 O may thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation then ſhall be my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The LORD my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

XXVI. *The Poor Sinner.*

1 GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

2 Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor;
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

3 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myſelf I turn my eyes,
The chief of ſinners, I:
Take, O take me, as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in thee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

XXVII. *The ſame Subject.*

1 JESU, friend of ſinners, hear,
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of ſin ſet clear,
For I have nought to pay.

Speak, O ſpeak the kind releaſe;
A poor backſliding ſoul reſtore;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

2 Sin's deceitfulneſs hath ſpread
An hardneſs o'er my heart;
Let thy Spirit on me ſhed,
Remove the ſtony part:
Shed thy love, thy tenderneſs,
And let me feel thy ſoft'ning pow'r:
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

3 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the pow'r of ſin away,
Take ev'ry vain deſire:
Perfect me in holineſs,
Thine image to my ſoul reſtore;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

XXVII. *Deſiring to win Chriſt.*

1 GROUND, O ground me on the Lamb,
Other ſaviours I diſclaim;
Fix my heart on thee to ſtay,
Do it, LORD, without delay.

2 Empty is created good,
I want more ſubſtantial food;
All is vanity beſide
JESUS, and him crucify'd.

3 Fruitleſs is my ſearch to find,
True ſerenity of mind,
Till I have with JESUS been,
And his glorious face have ſeen.

4 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exerciſe the Shepherd's care;
Guard my weakneſs by thy grace,
Let me feel a conſtant peace.

5 While I travel here beneath,
Thy kind influence on me breathe;
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteouſneſs bring near.

XXIX. *Abſence from God deplored.*

O Thou, whoſe tender mercies hear
Contrition's humble ſigh;
Whoſe hand, indulgent, wipes the tear
From Sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See! low before thy throne of grace
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
Haſt thou not ſaid, Return?

3 And ſhall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only ſafe retreat.

4 Abſent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How deſolate my way!

5 O ſhine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy ſhine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taſte of joys divine.

6 Thy preſence only can beſtow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my ſolace here below,
And my eternal joy.

XXX. *Drawing nigh to God.*

1 DEAR LORD, attend my pray'r,
And all my wants relieve;
Come to my heart, and dwell thou there,
That thou in me may'ſt live.

2 In weakneſs I draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace:
Anſwer the ſinner's mournful cry,
And fill me with thy peace.

3 Thou read'ſt my naked breaſt;
For liberty I groan;
I ſigh in thee, my LORD, to reſt,
And worſhip thee alone.

4 Fain would I hate my ſin,
And ponder on thy love:
Till all be ſanctified within,
And my whole heart's above.

5 If trials vex my mind,
Cloſe to thy wounds I'll flee;
No refuge may I elſewhere find,
No refuge but in thee.

6 To thee I recommend
My poor and trembling ſoul;
On thee for future grace depend,
Who art my All in All.

XXXI. *For Meekneſs and Humility.*

1 LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in ſpirit, meek in heart,
I ſhall as my maſter be,
Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
Nothing would I ſeek below;
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,
Wean'd from all the world beſides.

4 Father, fix my ſoul on thee;
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

5 O! that all may ſeek and find
Every good in JESUS join'd!
Him let Iſrael ſtill adore,
Truſt him, praiſe him evermore.

XXXII. *For Holineſs.* Pſalm v.

1 ON thee, O GOD of purity,
I wait for hallowing Grace;
None without holineſs ſhall ſee
The glories of thy face:
In ſouls unholy and unclean,
Thou never canſt delight;
Nor ſhall they, while unſav'd from ſin,
Appear before thy ſight.

2 But as for me, with humble fear,
I will approach thy gate;
Tho' moſt unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait
I truſt in thine unbounded grace,
To man ſo freely given;
And worſhip t'ward thy holy place,
And lift my ſoul to heav'n.

3 O lead me in thy righteous ways,
Nor ſuffer me to ſlide;
Point out the path before my face;
My GOD, be thou my guide!
O may I ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the ſhield
Of thine Almighty love.

XXXIII. *The ſame Subject.* Pſal. cxix. 33.

1 O That the LORD would guide my ways,
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my GOD would give me grace,
To know and do his will!

2 LORD, ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit
Nor act a liar's part.

3 From vanity, LORD, turn mine eyes;
Let no corrupt deſign,
No covetous deſires ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine.

4 Order my footſteps by thy word,
And make my heart ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, LORD,
But keep my conſcience clear.

5 My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray,
My feet too often ſlip;
I would not, LORD, forget thy way
Bring back thy wand'ring ſheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, my heart, or hands,
Offend againſt my GOD.

XXXIV. *For Divine Guidance.* Luke x. 39.

1 THE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary choſe with all her heart,
I would purſue with heart and mind,
And ſeek unweary'd till I find.

2 But, O! I'm blind and ignorant;
The Spirit of the LORD I want
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happineſs and GOD.

3 O LORD my GOD, to thee I pray;
Teach me to know and find the way,
How I may have my ſins forgiv'n,
And ſafe and ſurely get to heav'n.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may underſtand aright
The glorious goſpel-myſtery,
Which ſhows the way to heav'n and thee.

5 Hidden in CHRIST the treaſure lies,
That goodly pearl of ſo great price;
No other way but CHRIST there is
To endleſs happineſs and bliſs.

6 O JESUS CHRIST, my LORD and GOD,
Who haſt redeem'd me by thy blood;
Unite my heart ſo faſt to thee,
That we may never parted be.

XXXV. *A Sinner's Prayer.*

1 WHEN, gracious LORD, when ſhall it be,
That I ſhall find my all in thee;
The fulneſs of thy promiſe prove,
The ſeal of thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And caſt the world and fleſh behind;
An helpleſs ſoul, I come to thee,
With only ſin and miſery.

3 LORD, I am ſick, my ſickneſs cure;
I want, do thou enrich the poor:
Bow'd down beneath thy mighty hand.
O raiſe and make me joyful ſtand.

4 LORD, I am blind, be thou my ſight;
LORD, I am weak, be thou my might;
An helper of the helpleſs be,
And let me find my ALL in thee.

XXXVI. *The ſame Subject.*

1 O MY LORD, what muſt I do?
Only thou the way canſt ſhow;
Thou canſt ſave me in this hour,
And canſt give me will and pow'r
GOD, ſince over all thou art,
Greater than the ſinful heart,
Let it now on me be ſhown,
Take away the heart of ſtone.

2 Take away my darling ſin,
Make me willing to be clean;
Make me willing to receive
What thy goodneſs waits to give:
Teach me, LORD, with all to part,
Tear all idols from my heart,
Let thy pow'r on me be ſhown,
Take away the heart of ſtone.

3 JESU, mighty to renew
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride,
Stop the wirlwind of my will,
Bid corruptions, LORD, be ſtill:
Now thy love Almighty ſhew,
Make e'en me a creature new.

4 Arm of GOD, thy ſtrength put on,
Bow the heavens and come down:
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aſpiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worſt foe in me,
Get thyſelf the victory;
Save the vileſt of the race;
O may I be ſav'd by grace.

XXXVII. *An humble hope.*

1 O What ſhall I do my Saviour to praiſe,
So faithful and true, ſo plenteous in grace;
So ſtrong to deliver, ſo good to redeem
The weakeſt believer that hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking of JESUS's grace.

3 Their daily delight ſhall be in thy name;
They ſhall as their right thy righteouſneſs claim;
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in the preſence of GOD.

4 For thou art their boaſt, their glory and pow'r;
And I alſo truſt to ſee the glad hour,
My ſoul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation that lifts up my head.

XXXVIII. *A Penitant pleading for Pardon.*

1 SHOW pity LORD, O LORD forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a ſinner truſt in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't ſurpaſs
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great GOD, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O waſh my ſoul from ev'ry ſin,
And make my guilty conſcience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And paſt offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with ſhame my ſins confeſs,
Againſt thy law, againſt thy grace;
LORD, ſhould thy judgment grow ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but thou are clear.

5 Yet ſave a trembling ſinner, LORD,
Whoſe hope ſtill hovering round thy word,
Would light on ſome ſweet promiſe there,
Some ſure ſupport againſt deſpair.

XXXIX. *The ſame Subject.* Pſalm li.

1 O Thou that hear'ſt when ſinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie;
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight;
Thy ſaving grace, O LORD, reſtore;
And guard me that I fall no more.

3 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, LORD,
Its help and comfort ſtill afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy awful ſentence juſt;
Look down, O LORD, with pitying eye,
And ſave a ſoul condemn'd to die.

5 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning GOD.

XL. *The ſame Subject.*

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in ſin,
And born unholy, and unclean;
Sprung from the man whoſe guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The ſeeds of ſin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 Great GOD! create my heart anew,
And form my ſpirit pure and true;
O make me wiſe betimes, to ſpy
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leproſy lies dead within.

5 JESUS, my GOD, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r ſufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as ſnow,
No other thing can cleanſe me ſo.

6 While guilt diſturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor fleſh, nor ſoul hath reſt or eaſe;
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

XLI. *The ſame Subject.*

1 LORD, I would ſpread my ſore diſtreſs
And guilt before thine eyes;
Againſt thy laws, againſt thy grace,
How high my crimes ariſe!

2 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter prey for death.

3 Cleanſe me, O LORD, and cheer my ſoul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken ſpirit whole,
And bid my ſins remove.

4 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

5 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the ſons of men;
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy throne,
And turn to GOD again.

XLII. *For Serioufneſs.*

1 THOU GOD of glorious majeſty!
To thee, againſt myſelf, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry:
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endleſs bliſs or pain,
A ſinner born to die.

2 O God, mine inmoſt ſoul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And 'wake to righteouſneſs.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds ſhalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar,
And tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my great one buſ'neſs here,
With ſerious induſtry and fear,
My future bliſs t' enſure!
Thine utmoſt counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my ſoul receive,
Tranſported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
And hope in full ſupreme delight,
And everlaſting love.

XLIII. *The burden'd Sinner.*

1 AH! what can I do, or how be ſecure,
If juſtice purſue, what heart can endure?
When God ſpeaks in thunder, and makes himſelf known,
The heart breaks aſunder, tho' harder than ſtone.

2 With terror I read my ſins' heavy ſcore,
Their number exceeds the ſands on the ſhore.
Guilt makes me unable to ſtand or to flee;
So Cain murder'd Abel, and trembled like me.

3 Each ſin, like his blood, with terrible cry
Calls loud upon GOD, to ſtrike from on high,
Nor can my repentance, extorted by fear,
Reverſe the juſt ſentence, 'tis juſt, tho' ſevere.

4 The caſe is too plain, I have my own choice;
Again and again, I ſlighted his voice;
His warnings neglected, his patience abus'd,
His goſpel rejected, his mercy refus'd.

5 And muſt I then go for ever to dwell
In mis'ry and woe with devils in hell!
O where is the Saviour I ſcorn'd in time paſt!
His word in my favour would ſave me at laſt,

6 LORD JESUS! on thee I venture to call,
O look upon me the vileſt of all:
For whom didſt thou languiſh and bleed on the tree?
O pity my anguiſh, and ſay, "'twas for thee."

7 A cauſe ſuch as mine will honour thy pow'r,
All hell will repine, all heav'n will adore.
If in condemnation ſtrict juſtice takes place,
It ſhines in ſalvation, more glorious thro' grace.

XLIV. *Behold I am vile.*

1 O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy, and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh
With ſuch a load of ſin?

2 In this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in ev'ry part,
What evils do I ſee!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And liſp thy holy name;
My thoughts are hurry'd ſoon away,
I know not where I am.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkneſs fills my mind,
I only read a ſealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy goſpel oft I hear,
But hear it ſtill in vain;
Without deſire, or love or fear,
I like a ſtone remain.

6 Myſelf can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful then muſt it appear
To thoſe pure eyes of thine?

7 And muſt I then indeed
Sink in deſpair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didſt bleed
For ſuch a wretch as I.

8 That blood which thou haſt ſpilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanſe the vileſt ſinner's guilt,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone.

9 Low at thy feet I bow,
O pity and forgive;
Here will I lie and wait, till thou
Shalt bid me riſe and live.

XLV. *The Effort.*

1 CHEER up, my ſoul, there is a mercy-ſeat
Sprinkled with blood, where JESUS anſwers pray'r,
There humbly caſt thyſelf, beneath his feet,
For never needy ſinner periſh'd there.

2 LORD, I am come: thy promiſe is my plea,
Without thy word I durſt not venture nigh;
But thou haſt call'd the burden'd ſoul to thee,
A weary burden'd ſoul, O LORD, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of ſin,
By Satan's fierce temptations ſorely preſt,
Beſet without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for reſt.

4 Be thou my refuge, LORD, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy ſide:
Unmov'd I then may all accuſers face,
And anſwer ev'ry charge with, "JESUS dy'd."

5 Yes, thou didſt weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,
Well haſt thou known what fierce temptations mean;
Such was thy love, and now, enthron'd on high,
The ſame compaſſions in thy boſom reign.

6 LORD, give me faith—he hears—what grace is this!
Dry up thy tears, my ſoul, and ceaſe to grieve:
He ſhows me what he did, and who he is,
I muſt, I will, I can, I do believe.

XLVI. *The ſame Subject.*

1 APPROACH, my ſoul, the mercy-ſeat
Where JESUS anſwers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can periſh there.

2 Thy promiſe is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou calleſt burden'd ſouls to thee,
And ſuch, O LORD, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of ſin,
By Satan ſorely preſt!
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for reſt.

4 Be thou my ſhield and hiding-place!
That, ſhelter'd near thy ſide,
I may my fierce accuſer face,
And tell him, "Thou haſt dy'd."

5 O wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the croſs and ſhame;
That guilty ſinners, ſuch as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempeſt-toſſed ſoul, be ſtill,
"My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis JESUS ſpeaks—I muſt, I will,
I can, I do believe.

XLVII. *Reſt for weary Souls.*

1 DOES the goſpel-word proclaim
Reſt, for thoſe who weary be *?
Then, my ſoul, put in thy claim,
Sure that promiſe ſpeaks to thee:
Marks of grace I cannot ſhow,
All polluted is my beſt;
Yet I weary am I know,
And the weary long for reſt.

2 Burden'd with a load of ſin,
Haraſs'd with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly croſſes from without:

* Mat. xi. 28,

All my little ſtrength is gone,
Sink I muſt without ſupply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark, the weary dove*
Found a welcome reſting place;
Thus my ſpirit longs to prove
Reſt in CHRIST, the ark of grace:
Tempeſt-toſs'd I long have been,
And the flood increaſes faſt;
Open, LORD, and take me in,
Till the ſtorm be overpaſt.

4 Safely lodg'd within thy breaſt,
What a wond'rous change I find!
Now I know thy promis'd reſt
Can compoſe a troubled mind:
You that weary are like me,
Hearken to the goſpel call;
To the ark for refuge flee,
JESUS will receive you all!

XLVIII. *The Voice of Chriſt.* Cant. ii. 8.

1 THE voice of my beloved ſounds
Over the rocks and riſing grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and ſeas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now thro' the veil of fleſh I ſee,
With eyes of love he looks on me;
Now in the Goſpel's cleareſt glaſs,
He ſhows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
"Riſe," ſaith my LORD, "and come away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy ſtay."

* Gen. viii. 9.

4 Dear Lord, my thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee my joyful tongue ſhall raiſe
Its daily ſong of pray'r and praiſe.

XLIX. *The ſame Subject.*

1 HARK! my ſoul, it is the LORD!
'Tis the Saviour, hear his word;
JESUS ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me?

2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, ſet thee right,
Turn'd thy darkneſs into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care,
Ceaſe toward the child ſhe bare?
Yes, ſhe may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, ſtrong as death.

5 Thou ſhalt ſee my glory ſoon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne ſhalt be,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me!

6 LORD, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace do love thee more.

L. *Chriſt precious to a Believer.* 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport, and my truſt;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3 All my capacious powrs can wiſh,
In thee moſt richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 O may thy grace ſtill cheer my heart!
And ſhed its fragrance there!
The nobleſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name
With my laſt lab'ring breath;
When ſpeechleſs, claſp thee in my arms;
My joy in life and death!

LI. *Praiſe to Chriſt.* Rev. v. 12.

1 COME let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was ſlain for us."

3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.

5 Let all creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him, that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LII. *The Name of Jeſus.* Cant. i. 3.

1 HOW ſweet the name of Jesus ſounds
In a believer's ear!
It ſoothes his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with ſin defil'd;
Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the muſic of thy name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

LIII. *O Lord, I will praiſe thee.* Iſa. xii.

I WILL praiſe thee ev'ry day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away!
Comfortable thoughts ariſe
From the bleeding ſacrifice.

2 Here in the fair goſpel field,
Wells of free ſalvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous ſtore,
And my ſoul ſhall thirſt no more.

3 JESUS is become at length
My ſalvation and my ſtrength;
And his praiſes ſhall prolong,
While I live, my pleaſant ſong.

4 Praiſe ye, then, his glorious name,
Publiſh his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praiſe exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raiſe again the joyful ſound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion ſhout for this is he,
GOD the Saviour dwells in thee.

LIV. *The Happy Change.*

1 HOW bleſt thy creature is, O GOD,
When, with a ſingle eye,
He views the luſtre of thy word,
The day-ſpring from on high!

2 Thro' all the ſtorms that veil the ſkies,
And frown on earthly things;
The ſun of righteouſneſs he eyes,
With healing in his wings.

3 The ſoul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain;
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heav'nly reign.

4 The glorious orb, whoſe golden beams
The fruitful year control;
Since firſt, obedient to thy word,
He ſtarted from the goal,

5 Has cheer'd the nations, with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But JESUS, 'tis thy light alone,
Can ſhine upon the heart.

LV. *Chriſt precious to the Believer.* Acts iv. 12.

1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 JEESUS! tranſporting ſound;
The joy of earth and heav'n,
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can ſalvation have—
Our JESUS came the world to ſave.

3 JESUS! harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free;
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

LVI. *Chriſt our All.* 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 HOW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes;
Till CHRIST, with his reviving light,
Upon our ſouls ariſe!

2 Our guilty ſpirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But in his righteouſneſs array'd,
We ſee our ſins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure,
With ſanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our ſouls, in vain;
He ſets the ſons of bondage free,
And breaks the curſed chain.

5 LORD, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to GOD;
Thy ſov'reign pow'r thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

LVII. *Chriſt's Compaſſion to the Tempted.*

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

3 He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out ſtrong cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

5 Then let our humble faith addreſs,
His mercy and his pow'r:
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

LVIII. *Queſtions to Unbelief.*

1 IF to Jesus for relief
My ſoul has fled by pray'r;
Why ſhould I give way to grief.
Or heart-conſuming care?
Are not all things in his hand?
Has he not his promiſe paſt?
Will he then regardleſs ſtand,
And let me ſink at laſt?

2 While I know his providence
Diſpoſes each event;
Shall I judge my feeble ſenſe,
And yield to diſcontent?
If he worms and ſparrows feed,
Clothe the graſs in rich array;*
Can he ſee a child in need,
And turn his eye away?

3 When his name was quite unknown,
And ſin my life employ'd;
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been deſtroy'd:

* Matt. vi. 26—30.

Now his mercy-ſeat I know,
Now by grace am reconcil'd;
Would he ſpare me while a foe,*
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants ſupply'd
When I diſdain'd to pray;
Now his ſpirit is my guide,
How can he ſay me nay?
If he would not give me up,
When my ſoul againſt him fought;
Will he diſappoint the hope,
Which he himſelf hath wrought?

5 If he ſhed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold;
Can I think that meaner good †
He ever will withhold?
Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope reſts well aſſur'd,
In that great redemption-price,
I ſee the whole ſecur'd.

LIX. *Jeſus my All.* Hab. iii. 17.

1 WHY ſhould I fear the darkeſt hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's pow'r?
Jesus vouchſafes to be my tow'r.

2 Tho' hot the fight; why quit the field?
Why muſt I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty ſhield?

3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why ſhould I?
Jesus ſtill lives, and ſtill is nigh.

4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My ſoul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

* Rom. v. 10. † Rom. viii. 32.

5 I know not what may ſoon betide,
Or how my wants ſhall be ſupply'd;
But JESUS knows, and will provide.

6 Tho' ſin would fill me with diſtreſs,
The throne of grace I dare addreſs;
For Jeſus is my righteouſneſs.

7 Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,
My ſtedfaſt hope ſhall not remove,
While JESUS intercedes above.

8 Againſt me earth and hell combine;
But on my ſide is pow'r divine;
JESUS is all, and he is mine.

LX. *Temptation.*

1 THE billows ſwell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcaſt my wintry ſky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my ſtrength is ſmall.

2 O LORD, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the ſtorm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, ſay, "Peace! be ſtill!"

3 Amidſt the roaring of the ſea,
My ſoul ſtill hangs her hope on thee;
Thy conſtant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that ſaves me from deſpair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry ſhape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful ſhore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Tho' tempeſt-toſs'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I ſeek;
Let neither winds nor ſtormy main
Force back my ſhatter'd bark again.

LXI. *The Storm hushed.*

'TIS past—the dreadful stormy night
Is gone with all its fears!
And now I see returning light,
The LORD, my Sun appears.

The Tempter, who but lately said,
I soon should be his prey;
Has heard my Saviour's voice and fled
With shame and grief away.

Ah! LORD, since thou didst hide thy face,
What has my soul endur'd?
But now 'tis past, I feel thy grace,
And all my wounds are cur'd!

O wond'rous change! but just before
Despair beset me round;
I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the sound.

Before corruption, guilt, and fear,
My comforts blasted fell;
And unbelief discover'd near
The dreadful depths of hell.

But JESUS pity'd my distress,
He heard my feeble cry;
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.

Beneath the banner of his love
I now secure remain;
The Tempter frets, but dares not move
To break my peace again.

LORD, since thou thus hast broke my bands,
And set the captive free;
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all to thee.

LXII. *Light in Darkneſs.*

1 MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun!
That art my ſoul's bright morning-ſtar,
And thou my riſing ſun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
When JESUS ſhows his mercy's mine,
And whiſpers, I AM HIS.

4 My ſoul could leave this heavy clay,
At that tranſporting word;
Run up with joy the ſhining way
To meet and praiſe my LORD.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqu'ror though.

LXIII. *Rejoicing in the Lord.* Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the LORD is King,
Your GOD and KING adore;
Mortals give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

2 JESU the Saviour reigns,
The GOD of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS giv'n:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

He sits at GOD's right hand,
Till all his foes submit
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
JESUS the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of GOD shall sound, Rejoice.

LXIV. *The Believer's Request.*

JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,
Be thou my heart's delight;
Remain the same to me alway,
My joy by day and night.

Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and happy kept,
By thy Almighty pow'r.

3 May thy bleſt Spirit in my heart
Sweetly diffuſe abroad
The love of GOD, th' incarnate GOD,
Who bought me with his blood.

4 In holy reverence I would
With all my heart retain
Th' atonement made by JESU's blood,
And all his wounds and pain.

5 The myſt'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the fleſh and blood of CHRIST
My choiceſt dainty be.

LXV. *For a ſenſe of God's Favor.*

1 ETERNAL ſource of joys divine,
To thee my ſoul aſpires:
O could I ſay, "the LORD is mine,
'Tis all my ſoul deſires.

2 Thy ſmile can give me real joy,
Unmingled, and refin'd;
Subſtantial bliſs without alloy,
And laſting as the mind.

3 Thy ſmile can gild the ſhades of woe,
Bid ſtormy trouble ceaſe,
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
And ſweeten pain to peace.

4 My hope, my truſt, my life, my LORD!
Aſſure me of thy love;
O ſpeak the kind tranſporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

5 Then ſhall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my GOD,
Till heav'nly rapture tunes my voice
To ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

LXVI. *The new Covenant ſealed.*

"THE promiſe of my Father's love
"Shall ſtand for ever good."
He ſaid, and gave his ſoul to death,
And ſeal'd the grace with blood.
To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
I ſet my worthleſs name;
I ſeal'd th' engagement to my LORD,
And make my humble claim.
The light, and ſtrength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory ſhall be mine;
My life and ſoul, my heart and fleſh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.
I call that legacy mine own,
Which JESUS did bequeath,
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.
Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bleſs'd us in his will,
And to his teſtament of love
Made his own life the ſeal.

LXVII. *Free Salvation.* Eph. ii. 13.

OF him who did ſalvation bring,
I could for ever think and ſing!
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye poor, he will relieve.
Eternal LORD, Almighty King!
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring,
Thou conquer'ſt all, beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love!
Aſk but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n;
Aſk, and he turns your hell to heav'n;
Tho' ſin and ſorrow wound the ſoul,
JESU, thy balm can make it whole.

4 Guide thou, O LORD, guide thou my courſe,
And draw me on with thy ſweet force;
Still make me walk, ſtill make me tend,
By thee my way, to GOD my end.

LXVIII. *Confidence in the Divine Promiſes.*

1 YES! ſince GOD himſelf hath ſaid it
On the promiſe I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is ſtrong and can fulfil,
He is true and therefore will.

2 Sure the LORD thus far has brought me
By his watchful tender care;
Sure 'tis he himſelf has taught me
How to ſeek his face by pray'r:
After ſo much mercy paſt;
Will he give me up at laſt?

3 In my Saviour's interceſſion,
Therefore I will ſtill confide;
LORD, accept my free confeſſion,
I have ſinn'd, but thou haſt dy'd;
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

LXIX. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.* Rev. v. 12.

1 HAIL, thou once deſpiſed JESUS!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Who didſt ſuffer to releaſe us,
Who didſt free ſalvation bring!
Hail, thou univerſal Saviour,
Who haſt borne our ſin and ſh ame
By whoſe merits we find favour,
Life is given thro' thy name!

2 Paſchal Lamb by GOD appointed,
All our ſins were on thee laid!
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou haſt full atonement made;
Ev'ry ſin may be forgiven,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and GOD.

3 JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly hoſts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's ſide:
There for ſinners thou art pleading,
Spare them yet another year;—
Thou for ſaints are interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worſhip, honour, pow'r, and bleſſing,
CHRIST is worthy to receive—
Loudeſt praiſes without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic ſpirits,
Bring your ſweeteſt, nobleſt lays,
Help to ſing CHRIST JESU's merits,
Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's praiſe.

LXX. *The ſame Subject.*

1 COME, let us all unite to praiſe
The Saviour of mankind,
Our thankful hearts in ſolemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how ſhall duſt his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of man.

3 Tho' feeble are our beſt eſſays,
Thy love will not deſpiſe
Our grateful ſongs of humble praiſe,
Our well-meant ſacrifice.

4 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſhow,
And ſpread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praiſe o'erflow,
And bleſs thy ſacred name!

5 Worſhip and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our JESUS giv'n!
By men below,—by hoſts above,—
By all in earth and heav'n!

LXXI. *Redeeming Love.*

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud the Saviour's name;
Ye, who JESU's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 He ſubdued th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

3 Ye, who ſee the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin;
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop—and taſte redeeming love.

5 Hither, all, your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each joyful ſtring;
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

LXXII. *The Lord ſend Peace.*

1 JESUS, whoſe blood ſo freely ſtream'd
To ſatisfy the law's demand;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face I ſtand.

2 To reconcile offending man,
Make Juſtice drop her angry rod;
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a GOD?

3 No drop remains of all the curſe,
For wretches who deſerv'd the whole;
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty, but returning ſoul.

4 Peace by ſuch means ſo dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to ſee?
Peace, by his injur'd ſov'reign wrought,
His Sov'reign faſt'ned to the tree.

5 Now, LORD, thy feeble worm prepare!
For ſtrife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war,
They hate the ſoul that hates his ſins.

6 Let them in horrid league agree!
They may aſſault, they may diſtreſs;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the LORD my peace.

LXXIII. *Is this thy kindneſs to thy Friend.*

1 POOR, weak, and worthleſs tho' I am,
I have a rich Almighty Friend;
JESUS, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ranſom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controll'd;
He found me wand'ring far from GOD,
And brought me to his choſen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants ſupplies,
And ſays that I ſhall ſhortly be
Enthron'd with him above the ſkies,
Oh! what a friend is CHRIST to me.

4 But ah! my inmoſt ſpirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may ſwim,
To think of my perverſe returns;
I've been a faithleſs friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, diſtruſt, and diſobey,
And often Satan's lies believe
Sooner than all my Friend can ſay.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promiſes whate'er I aſk:
But I am ſtraitned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a taſk.

7 Before the world that hates his cauſe,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with ſhame;
Loath to forego the world's applauſe,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure, were not I moſt vile and baſe,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the GOD of grace,
He'd frown and ſpurn me from his ſight.

LXXIV. *None upon Earth I deſire beſides thee.*

1 HOW tedious and taſteleſs the hours,
When JESUS no longer I ſee;
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds, and ſweet flow'rs,
Have loſt all their ſweetneſs with me;
The mid-ſummer ſun ſhines but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleaſant as May.

2 His name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I ſhould, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh or to fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleaſure reſign'd;
No changes of ſeaſon or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bleſs'd with a ſenſe of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And priſons would palaces prove,
If JESUS would dwell with me there.

4 Dear LORD, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my ſun and my ſong;
Say why do I languiſh and pine,
And why are my winters ſo long;
O drive theſe dark clouds from my ſky,
Thy ſoul-cheering preſence reſtore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

LXXV. *Communion with God.*

1 BY faith in CHRIST I walk with GOD,
With heav'n my journey's-end, in view;
Supported by his ſtaff and rod*,
My road is ſafe and pleaſant too.

2 I travel thro' a deſert wide,
Where many round me blindly ſtray†;
But he vouchſafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miſs my way.

* Pſalm xxiii. 4. † Pſalm cvii. 7.

3 Tho' ſnares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my courſe withſtand;
I triumph over all by faith *
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

4 The wilderneſs affords no food,
But GOD for my ſupport prepares;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my ſoul from wants and cares.

5 With him ſweet converſe I maintain,
Great as he is I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble ſpirit faints;
At once my ſoul revives and ſings,
And yields no more to ſad complaints.

7 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleaſures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O LORD, to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

LXXVI. *A Prayer for Grace.*

1 BE with me, LORD, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou would'ſt have me do;
Suggeſt whate'er I think or ſay;
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me, leſt I harbour pride;
Leſt I in my own ſtrength confide;
Show me my weakneſs, let me ſee
I have my pow'r, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me alway with thy love;
My kind protector ever prove;
Thy ſignet put upon my breaſt,
And let thy Spirit on me reſt.

* Pſalm xxvii. 1, 2.

4 Aſſiſt, and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhor'ſt, that let me flee,
And only love what pleaſes thee.

5 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be ſpent and ended to thy praiſe.

LXXVII. *Adoring Chriſt.* Pſal. xciii.

1 YE ſervants of GOD, your maſter proclaim;
And publiſh abroad his wonderful name:
The name all-victorious of JESUS extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 GOD ruleth on high, Almighty to ſave;
And ſtill he is nigh, his preſence we have:
The great congregation his triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing ſalvation to JESUS our King.

3 Salvation to God, who ſits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Our JESUS's praiſes the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worſhip the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him is right;
All glory and pow'r, and wiſdom and might:
All honour and bleſſing, with angels above;
And thanks never ceaſing, and infinite love.

LXXVIII. *Te Deum.*

1 HOW can we adore or worthily praiſe
Thy goodneſs and pow'r, thou GOD of all grace!
With honour and bleſſing before thee we fall,
Moſt gladly confeſſing thee Father of all.

2 The heavens and earth, and water and air,
To thee owe their birth, ſubſiſt by thy care;
While angels are ſinging thy praiſes above,
We mortals are bringing our tribute of love.

3 Thou, Saviour, art one with GOD the ſupreme,
His eternal Son, and equal with him:
Inveſted with glory, on high doſt thou ſit,
While angels adore thee, and bow at thy feet.

4 How great was thy love! How wondrous thy grace!
Thou cam'ſt from above to ſave a loſt race;
And man to deliver of a woman was born,
That every believer to GOD might return.

5 How ſoon will thy ſeat of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet, and welcome thee there!
Thy witneſſing Spirit in us ſhed abroad;
And bid us inherit the kingdom of GOD!

LXXIX. *Fleeing to Chriſt under Temptation.*

1 JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide:
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my ſoul at laſt!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me;
All my truſt in thee is ſtay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind;
Juſt and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteouſneſs!
Vile, and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin:
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity!

LXXX. *Comfort to the Afflicted.* Iſa. liv.

1 PENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what CHRIST the Saviour ſays;
Ev'ry word ſhould joy impart,
Change thy mourning into praiſe:
Yes, he ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee,
May he help thee to believe!
Then thou preſently wilt ſee
Thou haſt little cauſe to grieve.

2 Fear thou not, nor be aſham'd,
All thy ſorrows ſoon ſhall end:
I who heav'n and earth have fram'd,
Am thy huſband and thy friend:
I, the High and Holy One,
Iſrael's GOD by all ador'd;
As thy Saviour will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy LORD.

3 For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was fill'd with pain;
But my mercies I'll renew,
Thou ſhalt ſoon rejoice again:
Tho' I ſeem to hide my face,
Very ſoon my wrath ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis but for a moment's ſpace,
Ending in eternal peace.

LXXXI. *Chriſt our great Melchiſedec.* Heb. v.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No muſic like thy charming name,
Nor half ſo ſweet can be!
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us ſpeak!
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great MELCHISEDEC.

2 Our JESUS ſhall be ſtill our theme,
While in this world we ſtay;
We'll ſing our JESU's lovely name,
When all things elſe decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet and loud,
And CHRIST ſhall be our ſong.

LXXXII. *Chriſt our Righteouſneſs.* Phil. iii.

1 JESU, thy blood and righteouſneſs,
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
'Midſt flaming worlds in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

2 When from the duſt of death I riſe,
To claim my manſion in the ſkies;
E'en then ſhall this be all my plea,
"JESUS hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me,"

3 Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day;
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully thro' theſe abſolv'd I am
From ſin and fear; from guilt and ſhame.

4 Thus ABRAHAM the friend of GOD,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners, thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears,
When ruin'd Nature ſinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of CHRIST is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

LXXXIII. *The Greatneſs and Goodneſs of God.*

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majeſty:
His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright,
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His juſtice guards his holy law;
His love reveals his ſmiling face;
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles Satan's deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt counſels of his will.

4 And will JEHOVAH condeſcend
To be my father and my Friend?
Then let my ſongs with Angels join;
Heav'n is ſecure, if GOD be mine.

LXXXIV. *The ſame Subject.*

1 O Heavenly King, look down from above;
Aſſiſt us to ſing thy mercy and love:
So ſweetly o'erflowing, ſo plenteous the ſtore,
Thou ſtill art beſtowing, and giving us more.

2 O GOD of our life, we hallow thy name
Our buſineſs and ſtrife is thee to proclaim:
Accept our thankſgiving for creating grace;
The living, the living ſhall ſhow forth thy praiſe.

3 Our Father and LORD, almighty art thou;
Preſerv'd by thy word, we worſhip thee now:
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy;
Our tongues to thine honour, and lives we'll employ.

4 But O! above all thy kindneſs we praiſe,
From ſin and from thrall which ſaves a loſt race;
Thy Son thou haſt given a world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, whoſe truſt is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love we ſing and rejoice,
With angels above we lift up our voice:
Thy love each believer ſhall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

LXXXV. *Desiring Perseverance.*

1 HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail!
Author of all our faith,
The finisher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.

2 Hail, first and last, the morning star,
In whom we live and move:
Increase our little spark of faith,
And purify our love.

3 O let us go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace,
From one degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

LXXXVI. *Striving to praise Christ.*

1 LET us, the sheep, by JESUS nam'd,
Our shepherd's mercy bless;
Let us, whom JESUS hath redeem'd,
Show forth our thankfulness.

2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be praise and glory giv'n;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But carry'd on in heav'n.

3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

4 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O LORD, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praise.

LXXXVII. *Privileges of God's Children.*

1 BLESSED are the sons of GOD,
They are bought with CHRIST's own blood;
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
GOD did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

2 They the seal of this receive,
When on JESUS they believe;
They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace:
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in GOD's great day:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd:
They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heav'nly birth:
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity!

4 Born of GOD, they hate all ſin,
GOD's pure ſeed remains within;
They have followſhip with GOD,
Thro' the Mediator's blood;
One with GOD, with JESUS one
Glory is in them begun;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

5 Tho' they ſuffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleaſures that can never cloy;
They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of GOD, joint-heirs with CHRIST;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

LXXXVIII. *For the benefit of Chriſt's Atonement.*

1 O COME, thou wounded Lamb of GOD!
Come, waſh us in thy cleanſing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain,
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breaſts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou ſhouldſt man to glory bring!
Make ſlaves the part'ners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!

4 Ah, LORD! enlarge our ſcanty thought
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren, thou;
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

LXXXIX. *Praise to Christ for Redemption.*

1 DISCIPLES of Christ, ye friends of the Lamb;
Attend, and assist in singing his fame:
Eternal thanksgiving the faithful should pay,
The living, the living, as we do this day.

2 A body of clay he humbly put on,
And then took away the sin we had done;
And in it endured the wrath to us due,
The curse we incurred, our stripes and our woe.

3 Not only he dy'd, but also arose;
Laid weakness aside, and trod on his foes,
Sin, death and the devil, he triumphed o'er,
And every evil, dominion, and pow'r.

4 O merciful Lamb, who sitt'st on the throne,
We bow at thy name, we count thee alone
Deserving our blessing; and blessing we'll give,
Without ever ceasing, so long as we live.

XC. *Rejoicing in Hope.* Psal. lxxi.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin to praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
Send down thy grace, O blessed LORD,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road;
And march with courage in thy ſtrength,
To ſee the LORD my GOD.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my king!
My ſoul redeem'd from ſin and hell,
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

5 My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim
My Saviour, and my GOD;
His death hath brought my foes to ſhame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful ſong
I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
Nor think the ſeaſon long.

XCI. *The power of True Faith.*

1 O Love, thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
From condemnation I am free;
Whilſt JESU'S blood thro' earth and ſkies,
Mercy, free boundleſs mercy! cries.

2 With faith I plunge me in that ſea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt;
Hither, when hell aſſaults, I flee:
I look into my Saviour's breaſt.
Away, ſad doubts and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

3 Tho' waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Tho' ſtrength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:
Stedfaſt on this my ſoul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies!

4 Fixt on this ground would I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and fleſh decay;
This anchor ſhall my ſoul ſuſtain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full pow'er I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love.

XCII. *For the Spirit of Adoption.*

1 FATHER, (if thou my Father art)
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son;
Breathe him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known;
Make me thy conſcious child, that I
May Father, *Abba*, Father, cry!

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor viſit as a tranſient gueſt;
But fix in me his conſtant home,
And keep poſſeſſion of my breaſt;
And make my ſoul his lov'd abode,
The temple of th' in-dwelling GOD!

3 Come, Holy Ghoſt, my ſoul inſpire,
Atteſt that I am born again;
Come and baptize me, LORD, with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
O grant the ſenſe of ſin forgiv'n,
O grant the earneſt of my heav'n.

4 O give th' indiſputable ſeal,
That aſcertains the kingdom mine!
That pow'rful ſtamp I long to feel,
The ſignature of love divine:
O ſhed it in my heart abroad,
Fulneſs of love, of heav'n, of GOD!

XCIII. *A Prayer for Grace.*

1 AH! LORD, how faithleſs is my heart,
How very apt from thee to ſtray!
Juſt like a broken bow I ſtart,
And nature ſtrives to bear the ſway:
Was ever one ſo vile, ſo bleſt!
So foul, yet by the Lamb careſs'd?

2 Forbid, O LORD, each vain deſire,
And bind my paſſions to thy croſs;
Quench all the ſparks of Nature's fire,
And bid me count my gain but loſs:
LORD JESUS, tear each idol down,
And 'ſtabliſh in my heart thy throne.

3 O let thy grace wipe off my tears,
And ſpeak the tempeſt to a calm:
O warm my heart, and charm my fears,
Be thou a never-failing balm;
The maladies of ſin remove,
And fill my ſoul with heav'nly love.

4 Henceforth I'd ſerve thee, If thou'lt pleaſe
To gird me with an heav'nly pow'r;
I'd ſing the glories of thy grace,
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er:
With hallow'd fire inſpire my tongue,
And love ſhall be my endleſs ſong.

XCIV. *Creation and Redemption.* Pſal. cxxxiv.

1 GIVE to our GOD immortal praiſe!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

2 Give to the LORD of lords renown,
The KING of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fixt the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

4 He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more.

5 He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

XCV. *Confidence.* Pſal. cxxxviii.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong:
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

2 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, LORD,
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word!
Not all thy works, and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhow.

3 To GOD I cry'd when trouble roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my foes;
He did my riſing fears controul.
And ſtrength diffus'd through all my ſoul.

4 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld, and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows, or from ſins:
The work that wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

XCVI. *Life and Safety in Chriſt alone.* John vi. 68.

1 THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend;
And can my ſoul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go,
A wretched wand'rer, from my LORD?
Can this dark world of ſin and wo,
One glimpſe of happineſs afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On theſe my fainting ſpirit lives;
Here ſweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One ſmile, one bliſsful ſmile of thine,
My deareſt LORD, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmoſt powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee!—'tis death—'tis more;
'Tis endleſs ruin, deep deſpair.

6 Low at thy feet my ſoul would lie;
Here ſafety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye;
For life, eternal life is thine.

XCVII. *Univerſal Praiſe.* Pſal. cxlviii.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nation to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to GOD,
And worſhip with our tongues;
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join the angelic ſongs.

4 Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praiſe him in your unwearied courſe,
Around the ſteady pole.

6 The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

XCVIII. *A Divine Rapture.*

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my bleſſed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long Eternity
In pleaſure and in praiſe.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endleſs ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, ev'ry ſmile of thine
Shall freſh endearments bring,
A thouſand taſtes of new delight,
From all thy graces ſpring.

6 Haſte, my Beloved, fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſs'd abode;
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my God.

XCIX. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

5 Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

C. *Praiſe for Grace and Protection.*

1 ARISE, my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in thy God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of ſin,
The gates of gaping hell;
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlaſting love
Beneath my ſoul he placed;
And on the Rock of Ages ſet
My ſlippery footſteps faſt.

4 The city of my bleſt abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark ſtands,
To ſhield the ſacred place.

5 Satan may vent his ſharpeſt ſpite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty Mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Ariſe, my ſoul, awake, my voice,
And ſongs of praiſes ſing;
Loud hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
My Saviour and my King.

CL. *God our only Happineſs.*

1 MY God, my portion, and my love
My everlaſting all;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the ſkies?
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning ſun,
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed,
Amidſt the ſhades I roll;
If my Redeemer raiſe my head,
'Tis morning with my ſoul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends
And health, and ſafe abode;
We praiſe thy name for all theſe things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
And what's my ſafety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own;
Without thy graces, and thyſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore;
Grant me the viſits of my face,
And I deſire no more.

CII. *The Lord is my portion.*

1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And ſearch in vain for bliſs;
My ſoul is ſatisfy'd at home,
The LORD my portion is.

2 JESUS, who on his glorious throne
Rules heav'n and earth and ſea;
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himſelf to me.

3 His perſon fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preſerves me here.

5 His word of promiſe is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my ſtrength renew'd,
And all my wants ſupply'd.

5 For him I count as gain each loſs,
Diſgrace, for him, renown!
Well may I glory in his croſs,
While he prepares my crown!

6 Let worldlings then indulge their boaſt,
How much they gain or ſpend!
Their joys muſt ſoon give up the Ghoſt,
But mine ſhall know no end.

CIII. *For the Lord's promiſed Preſence.*

1 SON of God! thy people's ſhield!
Muſt we ſtill thine abſence mourn?
Let thy promiſe be fulfill'd,
Thou haſt ſaid, "I will return!"

2 Gracious Leader, now appear,
Shine upon us with thy light!
Like the ſpring, when thou art near,
Days and ſuns are doubly bright.

3 Come, and let us feel thee nigh,
Then thy ſheep ſhall feed in peace;
Plenty bleſs us from on high,
Evil from amongſt us ceaſe.

4 Thus each day for thee we'll ſpend,
While our callings we purſue;
And the thoughts of ſuch a friend
Shall each night our joy renew.

CIV. *The way to Canaan.* John xiv. 6.

1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment;
The King's highway of holineſs
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

5 This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

4 The more I ſtrove againſt its pow'r,
I ſinn'd, and ſtumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Come hither, ſoul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to ſinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "Behold the way to GOD."

CV. *My name is Jacob.* Gen. xxxii. 27.

1 NAY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent preſſing caſe.

2 Doſt thou aſk me, who I am?
Ah, my LORD, thou know'ſt my name!
Yet the queſtion gives a plea,
To ſupport my ſuit with thee.

3 Thou didſt once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, LORD, was I.

4 Once a ſinner near deſpair,
Sought thy mercy-ſeat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and ſet him free,
LORD, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have paſt ſince then,
Many changes I have ſeen;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou haſt help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Canſt thou let me ſink at laſt?

7 No—I muſt maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodneſs makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for JESU's ſake.

CVI. *Praiſe ye the Lord.*

1 LORD and GOD of heav'nly pow'rs,
Hallelujah.
Theirs, and O benignly ours;
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to ſing thy name.

2 Thee to laud in ſongs divine Hallelujah.
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raiſe,
Echoing thine eternal praiſe.

3 Holy, holy, holy, LORD! Hallelujah.
Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd:
Full of thee they ever cry,
"Glory be to GOD on high."

CVII. *Adoring free Grace.*

1 O LORD, how great's the favour!
That we, ſuch ſinners poor,
Can through thy death's ſweet ſavour
Approach thy mercy's door,
And find an open paſſage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome meſſage
Which bids us go in peace

2 Lord, we are helpleſs creatures,
Full of the deepeſt need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead:
Our ſtrength is perfect weakneſs,
And all we have is ſin;
Our hearts are all uncleanneſs,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who ſhall afford us aid?
Where ſhall we find compaſſion,
But in the church's head?
Jesus thou art all pity,
O take us to thine arms,
And exerciſe thy mercy,
To ſave us from all harms.

4 We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of Saints,
Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the ſaints above.

5 Then we with all in glory
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleaſing ſtory
Of Jesu's love ſo great:
In this bleſt contemplation
We ſhall for ever dwell,
And find ſuch conſolation
As none below can tell.

CVIII. *For Growth in Grace and Love.* 1 John iv. 16.

2 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
JESUS! thou art all compaſſion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Viſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart!

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thine hoſts above;
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing!
Glory in thy precious love.

3 Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure, unſpotted may we be;
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by thee?
Chang'd from Glory into glory.
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love and praiſe.

CIX. *God the only Refuge in Trouble.*

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary ſoul,
On thee, when ſorrows riſe,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hopes relies.

2 While hope revives, tho' preſs'd with fears,
And I can ſay MY GOD,
Beneath thy feet I ſpread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.

3 To thee I tell each riſing grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;
Thy word can bring a ſweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

4 But Oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The ſprings of comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

5 Yet, gracious GOD, where ſhall I flee?
Thou art my only truſt;
And ſtill my ſoul will cleave to thee,
Tho' proſtrate in the duſt.

6 Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the ear of ſov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

7 No, ſtill the ear of ſov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r;
O may I ever find acceſs
To breathe my ſorrows there.

8 Thy mercy-ſeat is open ſtill;
Here let my ſoul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

CX. *The Inquiry "Do I Love Chriſt."* John xxiv. 15.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought;
Do I love the LORD, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a taſk and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin, a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chooſe the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 LORD decide the doubtful caſe?
Thou who art thy people's ſun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to day.

CXI. *The Child.* Mat xviii. 4.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, ſimple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From diſtruſt and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleaſes thee.

2 What thou ſhalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wiſdom leave;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why ſhould I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither ſtrong nor wiſe,
Fears to ſtir a ſtep alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preſerv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears;
May I live upon thy ſmiles,
Till the promiſed hour appears;
When the ſons of God ſhall prove
All their Father's boundleſs love.

CXII. *Chriſt a ſure Guide.*

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the cryſtal fountain
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer, ſtrong Deliv'rer,
Be thou ſtill my ſtrength and ſhield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide;
Death of deaths, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide:
Songs of praiſes, Songs of praiſes,
I will ever give to thee.

CXIII. *Heavenly Joys on Earth.*

1 COME ye that love the LORD,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround the throne.

2 The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from this place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
Will ſpeak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

6 Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

CXIV. *The Offices of Chriſt.*

1 JOIN all the glorious names,
Of wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet our Saviour forth.

2 But O! what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
My ſoul, with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears for thee.

3 Great Prophet of our GOD,
Our tongues would bleſs thy name!
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came:
The joyful news of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

4 JESUS, our great High Prieſt,
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd;
Thou guilty ſinner ſeek,
No ſacrifice beſide:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 Thou dear Almighty LORD!
Our conqu'ror and our King!
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing:
Thine is the pow'r; O may we ſit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

CXV. *The ſame Subject.*

1 ARRAY'D in mortal fleſh,
Lo, the great Angel ſtands!
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

2 Be thou our Counſellor,
Our Pattern, and our Guide!
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep us near thy ſide!
O let our feet ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek the crooked way.

3 We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whoſe watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring ſouls among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His boſom bears the tender lambs.

4 To this dear ſurety's hands,
My ſoul, commend thy cauſe;
He anſwers, and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Believing ſouls now free are ſet;
For CHRIST hath paid their dreadful debt.

5 Then let our ſouls ariſe,
And tread the temper down;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conqueſt and a crown:
March on! nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obſtruct the way.

CXVI. *Doubts and fears Suppreſt, or God our Defence from Sin and Satan.* Pſal. iii.

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How faſt my foes increaſe!
Conſpiring my eternal death,
They break my preſent peace.

2 The lying temper would perſuade
There's no relief in heav'n?
And all my ſwelling ſins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory and my ſtrength,
Shalt on the temper tread,
Shalt ſilence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raiſe my drooping head.

4 Ariſe, O LORD, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory ſing;
My GOD has broke the ſerpent's teeth,
And death has loſt his ſting.

5 Salvation to the LORD belongs,
His arm alone can ſave:
Bleſſings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

CXVII. *For the Lord's Day Morning.* Pſal. v.

1 LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear,
My voice aſcending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Chriſt is gone,
To plead for all his ſaints:
Preſenting at his Father's throne
Our ſongs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand,
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteouſneſs!
Make ev'ry path of duty ſtraight,
And plain before my face.

CXVIII. *Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-ſeat.* Pſal. ix.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raiſe my ſong,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim,
Thou ſov'reign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to ſhame.

2 I'll ſing thy majeſty and grace;
My GOD prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteouſneſs,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then ſhall the LORD a refuge prove
For all the poor oppreſt;
To ſave the people of his love,
And give the weary reſt.

4 The men that know thy name will truſt
In thy abundant grace;
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the juſt,
Who humbly ſeek thy face.

5 Sing praiſes to the righteous LORD,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

CXIX. *Courage in Death, and Hope of the Reſurrection.* Pſal. xvi.

1 WHEN GOD is nigh, my faith is ſtrong,
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.

2 Tho' in the duſt I lay my head
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My ſoul for ever with the dead,
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

3 My fleſh ſhall thy firſt call obey,
Shake off the duſt and riſe on high;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to the throne above the ſky.

4 There ſtreams of endleſs pleaſure flow;
And full diſcov'ries of thy grace
(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

CXX. *The Sinner's Portion, and Saint's Hope.* Pſal. xvii.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of ſpite againſt me join,
They are the ſword, the hand is thine.

Their hope and portion lies below,
'Tis all the happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek; they take their ſhares,
And leave the reſt among their heirs.

3 What ſinners value I reſign;
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.

4 This life's a dream, an empty ſhow,
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake and find thee there?

5 O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near, and like my GOD!
And fleſh and ſin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

6 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound;
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And in my Saviour's image riſe.

CXXI. *The Book of Nature and Scripture Compared.* Pſal. xix.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD,
In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and ſtars convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand:
So when thy truth begun its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Chriſt has all the nations bleſt
That ſee the light, or feel the ſun.

5 Great Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd, and ſins forgiv'n:
LORD, cleanſe my ſins, my ſoul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

CXXII. *God's Care of the Saints; or, Deliverance by Prayer.* Pſal. xxxiv.

1 LORD, I will bleſs thee all my days,
Thy praiſe ſhall dwell upon my tongue,
My ſoul ſhall glory in thy grace,
While ſaints rejoice to hear the ſong.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I ſought th' eternal GOD, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to ſhame.

3 I told him all my ſecret grief,
My ſecret groanings reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly ſhine;
A beam of mercy from the ſkies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that ſerve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all his ſaints,
Taſte of his grace, and truſt his word.

CXXIII. *The Perfections and Providence of God.* Pſal. xxxvi.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal GOD,
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy deſigns.

2 For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundation keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beaſt thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But ſaints are thy peculiar care.

4 My GOD! how excellent thy grace;
Whence all our hope and comfort ſprings;
The ſons of Adam in diſtreſs
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings.

5 From the proviſions of thy houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet repaſt;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings ſalvation to our taſte.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the preſence of my LORD;
And in thy light our ſouls ſhall ſee
The glories promis'd in thy word.

CXXIV. *The perſonal Glories and Government of Chriſt.* Pſal. xlv.

I'LL ſpeak the honours of my King;
His form divinely fair;
one of the ſons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy ſpeech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is ſhed;
Thy God with bleſſings infinite
Hath crown'd thy ſacred head.

3 Gird on thy ſword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majeſtic ſway;
Thy terror ſhall ſtrike thro' thy foes
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands;
Thy word of grace ſhall prove
A peaceful ſceptre in thy hands,
To rule the ſaints by love.

5 Juſtice and truth attend thee ſtill,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy ſoul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar joys.

CXXV. *The Glory of Chriſt and Power of his Goſpel.* Pſal. xlv.

1 NOW be my heart inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jeſus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy ſword,
In majeſty and glory ride
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

4 Thine anger like a pointed dart
Shall pierce the foes of ſtubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and ſweet
Shalt melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly ſhed,
His oil of gladneſs on thy head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt born Son above the reſt.

CXXVI. *Chriſt's Aſcenſion, and the Gift of the Spirit.* Pſal. lxviii.

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky;
Thoſe heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy ſtate.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thouſand ſouls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

CXXVII. *The Kingdom of Christ.* Psal. lxxii.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust,
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blosom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress't in the robes of joy and praise:
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

CXXVIII. *Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.* Psal. xcvii.

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counſels and unknown;
But grace and truth ſupport his throne,
Tho' gloomy clouds his way ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs:
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the ſeas retire.

4 His enemies with ſore diſmay,
Fly from the fight, and ſhun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye ſaints on high,
And ſing, for your redemption's nigh.

CXXIX. *Chriſt's Kingdom and Majeſty.* Pſal. xcix.

1 THE God, Jehovah, reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humbled there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church ſhall make his wonders known,
For there his glories ſhine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praiſe!
Juſtice and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

CXXX. *Praiſe to God from all Nations.* Pſal. cxvii.

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe:
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, LORD;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

CXXXI. *Hoſannah; the Lord's Day; or, Chriſt's Reſurrection and our Salvation.* Pſal. cxviii.

1 THIS is the day the LORD hath made
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

2 To-day he roſe and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumph ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O LORD, deſcend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Bleſt be the LORD who comes to men
With meſſages of grace;
Who comes in GOD his father's name
To ſave our ſinful race.

5 Hoſanna in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

CXXXII. *Holineſs and Comfort from the Word.* Pſal. cxix.

1 LORD, I eſteem thy judgments right,
And all thy ſtatutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant fight
With every flattering luſt.

2 Thy precepts often I ſurvey:
I keep thy law in ſight,
Thro' all the buſ'neſs of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight ſilence cries,
"How ſweet thy comforts be;"
My thoughts in holy wonder riſe,
And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my ſpirit drinks her fill,
At ſome good word of thine,
Not mighty men that ſhare the ſpoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

CXXXIII. *Sanctified Afflictions; or, Delight in the Word of God.* Pſal. cxix.

1 FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing rod,
That forc'd my conſcience to a ſtand,
And brought my wand'ring ſoul to GOD!

2 Fooliſh and vain I went aſtray
Ere I had felt thy ſcourges, LORD,
I left my Guide, and loſt my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke,
That I might learn his ſtatutes well.

4 The law that iſſues from thy mouth
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the ſouth,
Or weſtern hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy ſpirit form'd my ſoul within;
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
And guard me ſafe from death and ſin.

6 Then all that love and fear the LORD
At my ſalvation ſhall rejoice:
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

CXXXIV. *The Sinner Converted.*

1 WHEN with my mind divinely preſt,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breaſt
Would paſt offences trace;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace.

2 This tongue, with blaſphemies defil'd,
Theſe feet, to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree;
Who could believe ſuch lips could praiſe,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to thee?

3 Theſe eyes, that once abus'd their ſight
Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,
And weep a ſilent flood;
Theſe hands aſcend in ceaſeleſs pray'r
O waſh away the ſtains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood!

4 Theſe ears, that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight oath, the luſtful ſtrain,
When round the feſtal board;
Now deaf to all th' inchanting noiſe,
Avoid the throng, deteſt the joys,
And preſs to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou ſerv'd in ev'ry part;
And now thou doſt transform my heart,
That droſſy thing refine:
Now grace doth nature's ſtrength controul,
And a new creature—body—ſoul,
Are, LORD, for ever thine!

CXXXV. *The Believer's Hope.* 2 Tim. iv. 8.

1 HE is a GOD of ſov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me;
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy ſpirits be.

2 Prepare me, LORD, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day!
Come death and ſome celeſtial band,
To bear my ſoul away.

3 Then, my Beloved, take my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode;
That face to face I may behold
My Saviour and my GOD.

4 GOD has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at the great day
Shall place it on my head.

5 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

CXXXVI. *Human depravity lamented.*

Pſ. cxix. 136.

1 ARISE, my tend'reſt thoughts ariſe,
To torrents melt my ſtreaming eyes!
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils, which thou canſt not heal!

2 See human nature ſunk in ſhame!
See ſcandals pour'd on JESU's name!
The Father wounded thro' the Son!
The world abus'd, the Soul undone!

3 See the ſhort courſe of vain delight
Cloſing in everlaſting night
In flames that no abatement know,
The briny tears for ever flow.

4 My GOD, I feel the mournful ſcene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And ſnatch the firebrands from the flame!

5 But feeble my compaſſion proves,
And can but weep where moſt it loves;
Thine own all-ſaving arm employ,
And turn thoſe drops of grief to joy.

CXXXVII. *The Chriſtian's Charge.*

1 A Charge to keep I have,
A GOD to glorify;
A never-dying ſoul to ſave,
And fit it for the ſky.

2 To ſerve the preſent age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my maſter's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy ſight to live;
And, O! thy ſervant, LORD, prepare
A good account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyſelf rely;
And let me ne'er my truſt betray,
Leſt I for ever die.

CXXXVIII. *Faith in Chriſt our ſacrifice.*

1 NOT all the blood of beaſts
On Jewiſh altars ſlain;
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away one ſtain.

2 But CHRIST the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

4 My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

CXXXIX. *Rejoicing in Chriſt.*

1 AWAKE and ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praiſe the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call you hence away
And take his wand'rers home.

CXL. *Eben-ezer.* 1 Sam. vii. 13.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never-ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise mine Eben-ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
JESUS sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of GOD;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtain'd to be!
Let that grace, LORD, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
Prone to leave the GOD I love—
Here's my heart, LORD, take and ſeal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

CXLI. *The Beatific Viſion.*

1 I Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty diſplay'd,
His beauty of holieſt love:
I languiſh and wiſh to be there,
Where JESUS hath fix'd his abode;
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of GOD!

2 With him I on Zion ſhall ſtand,
(For JESUS hath ſpoken the word)
The breadth of IMMANUEL's land
Survey by the light of my LORD:
But when on thy boſom reclin'd,
Thy face I am ſtrengthen'd to ſee,
My fulneſs of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee!

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs or ſorrow ſhall prove:
Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give,
And then from the body ſet free,
And then to the city receive.

CXLII. *Chriſt withdraw.* Cant. v. 6.

1 O What ſhall I do to retrieve
The love for a ſeaſon beſtow'd;
'Tis better to die then to live
Exil'd from the preſence of GOD:
With ſorrow diſtracted and doubt,
With palpable horror oppreſt,
The city I wander about,
And ſeek my repoſe in his breaſt.

2 Ye watchmen of Iſrael, declare
If ye my beloved have been,
And point to that heavenly fair,
Surpaſſing the children of men:
My Lover and LORD from above,
Who only can quiet my pain,
Whom only I worſhip and love,
O where ſhall I find him again?

3 The joy and deſire of mine eyes,
The cure of my ſorrow and woe;
My hope and my heavenly prize,
My height of ambition below:
Once more if he ſhow me his face,
He never again ſhall depart,
Detain'd in my cloſeſt embrace,
Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

CXLIII. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

1 RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove;
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe;
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun,
Both ſpeed them to their ſource:
So a ſoul that's born of GOD
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

3 Ceaſe ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the ſkies:
Yet a ſeaſon, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

CXLIV. *The ſame Subject.*

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are trav'ling home to GOD,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O ye baniſh'd ſeed be glad!
CHRIST our Advocate is made;
Us to ſave our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock and bleſt,
You on JESU's throne ſhall reſt;
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, your Father's ſon,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 LORD! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

CXLV. *Fleſh and Spirit.* Gal. v. 17.

1 WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin
Attend our mortal ſtate?
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
While ſin and Satan reign;
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkneſs ſtruggles with the light,
Till perfect day ariſe;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the fleſh and Spirit ſtrive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I ſhall quit this mortal life,
And ſin for ever ceaſe.

CXLVI. *Praiſe for Salvation.*

1 O JESU, our LORD,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd by thy word.

2 In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praiſe.

3 The trumpet of GOD
Is ſounding abroad,
The language of mercy—ſalvation thro' blood.

4 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the riches of this goſpel-day.

5 This bleſſing be mine,
Thro' favor divine,
But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

6 The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praiſe;
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

CXLVII. *Crucifixion to the World.* Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wondrous croſs
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, LORD, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the croſs of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down?
Did e'er ſuch love, ſuch ſorrow meet?
Or thorns compoſe ſo bright a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

CXLVIII. *Farewel to the World.*

1 WORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond deceit,
Fooliſh hopes, and falſe alarms:
Now I ſee as clear as day
How thy follies paſs away.

2 Vain thy entertaining ſights,
Falſe thy promiſes renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude;
Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the nobleſt love.

3 Farewel honour's empty pride,
Thy own nice uncertain gueſt,
If the leaſt miſchance betide,
Lays thee lower than the duſt:
Worldly honours end in gall,
Riſe to-day—to-morrow fall.

4 Fooliſh vanity—farewel——
More inconſtant than the wave,
Where thy ſoothing fancies dwell,
Pureſt tempers they deprave;
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST ſhall ſet me free.

5 Let not, LORD, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in thee alone we find
Solid and ſubſtantial joys:
Joys that never over-paſt,
Thro' eternity ſhall laſt.

6 LORD, how happy is the heart
After thee while it aſpires!
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou ſhalt anſwer its deſires;
It ſhall ſee the glorious ſcene
Of thine everlaſting reign.

CXLIX. *Gratitude for God's Mercies.*

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my GOD,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

3 Unnumbered comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

4 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran;
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me on to man.

5 When worn by ſickneſs oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

6 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

9 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For, O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

CL. *Praiſe for Redemption.* 1 Pet. ii. 24.

1 WHAT ſhall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r!
Teach us to bow the humble knee;
Teach us with thankfulneſs t' adore;
To praiſe thee as thy ſaints above,
To praiſe thee for thy wond'rous love.

2 When like loſt ſheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's eye;
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's ſin and vanity;
Our JESUS from the heav'ns came down,
To ſave us by his grace alone.

3 He bore our ſins upon the tree,
(To ſeek and ſave the loſt he came)
There was he bound to ſet us free,
From death and everlaſting ſhame:
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their ſhepherd bled.

4 Before the Father's awful throne,
Our merciful High Prieſt he ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlaſting friend,
Who loving, loves them to the end.

5 May we, his baniſhed ones, rejoice,
Him for our LORD and GOD to own,
To take him as our only choice,
And cleave to him in love alone;
Be growing up in holineſs,
Then meet him in the realms of bliſs.

CLI. *For Spiritual Strength.*

1 A Thouſand foes prepare to war
Againſt a feeble ſaint;
JESUS, in my behalf appear,
And cheer me, leſt I faint.

2 Give me an heart divorc'd from ſin,
Shut up from worldly care;
Conſtant, ſincere, and fervent in
The exerciſe of pray'r.

3 Watchful in ev'ry work and word,
Ready to ſpeak thy praiſe;
Arm'd with thy Spirits two-edg'd ſword,
And cloth'd with ev'ry grace.

4 Fill'd with a godly filial fear,
A conſtant jealous care;
Leaſt I from the right path ſhould err,
Or fall into a ſnare.

5 To ev'ry earthly object dead;
Alive to things above;
Conform'd unto my living Head,
And fill'd with burning love.

6 Let furious heats no more moleſt,
Nor paſſions chaſe my mind;
Quench all ill tempers in my breaſt,
And make me meek and kind.

7 Grant me a ſerious, ſober mind,
From levity ſet free;
That I may ſhow to all mankind
Thine image, LORD, in me.

8 Aſſume in me thy dwelling place,
Thy temple, and thy throne;
Then ſtubborn ſelf ſhall bend to grace,
And Antichriſt fall down.

CLII. *Adoring Chriſt.*

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs
JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace;
Let our praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at GOD's right hand in heav'n!

2 Thee the angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe our prieſt and King;
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou haſt the glad tidings brought,
Of ſalvation by thee wrought!
Wrought for all thy church! and we
Worſhip in their company.

5 We thy little flock adore
Thee the LORD, for evermore!
Ever with us ſhow thy love,
Till we join with thoſe above!

CLIII. *To the Holy Ghoſt.*

1 STAY, thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay;
Tho' I have done thee much deſpite;
Caſt not a ſinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting flight.

2 Tho' I have moſt unfaithful been,
Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs ſeen,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs griev'd.

3 But O! the chief of ſinners ſpare,
In honour of my great High Prieſt;
Nor in thy righteous anger ſwear
I' exclude me from thy people's reſt.

4 If yet thou canſt my ſins forgive,
E'en now, O LORD, relieve my woes;
Into thy reſt of love receive,
And bleſs me with a calm repoſe.

5 E'en now my weary ſoul releaſe,
And raiſe me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

CLIV. *The Chriſtian's Expectation.*

1 GOD of all conſolation take
The glory of thy grace;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaſeleſs ſongs of praiſe.

2 Not unto us, but thee, O LORD,
Glory to thee be giv'n,
For ev'ry gracious thought and word,
That brought us nearer heav'n.

3 Our ſouls are in his mighty hand,
And he will keep them ſtill;
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With him on Zion's hill.

4 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee,
Our face, like his, ſhall ſhine;
O what a glorious company,
When ſaints and angels join!

5 O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd;
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear,
And crowns upon our head!

6 Then let us earneſtly contend,
And fight our paſſage through;
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view.

7 Then let us haſten to the day,
When all ſhall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
LORD JESU, quickly come!

CLV. *Adoring Jeſus.*

1 O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praiſe our dear Saviour, our Maſter divine.

2 He worthy is bleſt
By ſpirits at reſt,
Who once in this deſert his Godhead confeſs'd.

3 The prophets who told
His ſuff'rings of old,
Sing now ſweet thankſgivings on pſalt'ries of gold.

4 The fathers to whom
He ſhow'd he would come,
Now in his pavilion take up their long home.

5 The ſpirits of men,
Who for him were ſlain,
From Abel the righteous, ſhare now in his reign.

6 The Apoſtles who ſtood,
Reſiſting to blood
For JESUS's goſpel, rejoice in their GOD.

7 O church of the Lamb
Here met, do the ſame,
With ſaints and with angels bleſs JESUS's name.

8 My ſoul bear a part,
For ranſom'd thou art
By JESU's blood-ſhedding, his burial and ſmart.

9 To him that was ſlain,
The ſcorn'd Nazarene,
Be glory and honour; let all ſay Amen.

CLVI. *God glorious and Sinners ſaved.*

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.

2 Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

3 But when we view thy great deſign
To ſave rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms:

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Bright ſeraphs learn IMMANUEL's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

6 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong;
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

CLVII. *Thy Word is Truth.*

1 MY hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And ſhield art thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

2 Engrav'd as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

3 The ſacred word of grace is ſtrong,
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice which rolls the ſtars along,
Spoke all the promiſes.

4 My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And ſhield art thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

CLVIII. *For godly Fear.* Prov. xxviii. 14.

1 GOD of all grace and majesty!
Supremely great and good!
If I have favour found with thee,
Thro' the atoning blood,
The guard of all thy mercies give;
And to my pardon join
A fear, lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Sp'rit divine.

2 Since mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On thy sojourner here;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict observer see;
And thou by rev'rent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At JESU's feet abide:
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

CLIX. *To Christ as a Purifier.* John xiii. 9.

1 JESUS, thou art my righteousness,
For all my sins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of GOD my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine:
My dying Saviour and my GOD!
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
O cleanse, and keep me clean.

2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, and heart!
Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full enjoyment die,
And all my soul be love!

CLX. *Completeness in Christ.* Cant. iv. 7.

1 KIND is the speech of CHRIST our LORD,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word;
"Thou art my chosen one, he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties."

2 Sweet is thy voice, dear LORD, to me,
"I will behold no spot in thee;"
What mighty wonders love performs,
That puts a comeliness on worms!

3 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair!
Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly dress,
Thy graces and thy righteousness.

4 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever in thy love!

CLXI. *For preserving Grace.* Jude 25.

1 TO GOD the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our redeeming GOD
Almighty pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

CLXII. *Pleading the Covenant.*

1 O LORD my GOD, whoſe ſov'reign love
Is ſtill the ſame, nor e'er can move;
Look to the covenant and ſee,
For once thy love was ſhown to me:
Remember, O my deareſt friend,
And love me alway to the end.

2 Be with me ſtill, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My ſtrong, my ſtubborn will incline
To be obedient ſtill to thine:
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me ſafe to Canaan's land.

I need not ſay, for well thou know'ſt,
How I, without thy help, am loſt;
Thou know'ſt how apt I am to err,
But thou canſt make me perſevere:
Be then my light, and let me ſee
That I have yet my lot in thee.

4 O take me up above the ſkies,
Tranſlate me to thy paradiſe;
Then ſhall I reſt from ev'ry woe,
From all the troubles here below;
Grant this, my LORD, and kindly ſay,
"Come, my Redeemed; come away."

CLXIII. *God's Omnipreſence.* Pſal. cxxxix.

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
My riſing and my reſt,
My public walks, my private ways,
The ſecrets of my breaſt.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, LORD,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'ſt the ſenſe I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry ſide.

5 So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love.

CLXIV. *Thanſgiving.* Pſal. ciii.

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the living GOD;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace,
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe;
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence, and forgot?

3 'Twas he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He ſatisfies our ſoul with good,
And fills our mouth with heav'nly food.

5 Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
May all our pow'rs within us join,
In work and worſhip ſo divine!

CLXV. *Sight of Chriſt in Heaven.*

1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things.

2 O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There ſits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

3 Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the Man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all.

4 When ſhall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That we ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt them there,
And view thy face, and ſing thy love?

CLXVI. *The Beggar.*

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promiſe to the poor,
Behold a beggar, LORD,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O LORD, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's uſual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'ſt diſdain:
And thoſe which move thy gracious ear,
Are ſuch as men would ſcorn to hear.

3 I have no right to ſay,
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I poſſeſſed more.
Thou know'ſt that from my very birth,
I've been the pooreſt wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profeſs,
As beggar's often do,
Tho' great is my diſtreſs,
My faults have been but few.
If thou ſhould'ſt leave my ſoul to ſtarve,
It would be what I well deſerve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more.
Thou often has reliev'd my pain,
And often I muſt come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For ſuch a dog as I,
No leſs than children's food
My ſoul can ſatisfy.
O! do not frown and bid me go,
I muſt have all thou canſt beſtow.
7 Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel,
I'll tell them of thy mercies' ſtore,
And try to ſend a thouſand more.
8 Thy thoughts, thou only wiſe
Our thoughts and ways tranſcend,
Far as the arched ſkies
Above the earth extend.
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But GOD receives a beggar's pray'r.

CLXVII. *Deſiring Chriſt's preſence.*

1 JESU, we thy promiſe claim,
We are met in thy dear name;
In the midſt do thou appear,
Manifeſt thy preſence here:
Sanctify us, LORD, and bleſs,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Come, deſcend, celeſtial Dove,
Make this time a time of love.
2 Let the fruits of grace abound,
Let us in thy bowels ſound;
Faith, and love, and joy increaſe,
Temperance, and gentleneſs:
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodneſs, full of thee.

3 Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy ſight,
Partners with the ſaints in light:
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon thy breaſt,
Love be there our endleſs feaſt.

CLXVIII. *God our Creator and Benefactor.*

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy ſov'reign bounty is the ſpring
From whence my bleſſings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praiſe than life can give.

4 O! What can I impart,
When all is thine before!
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And ſhall my paſſions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine,
Let all my pow'rs to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

CLXIX. *Saved by Grace.* Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

2 Grace firſt contriv'd a way
To ſave rebellious man;
And all the ſteps that grace diſplay,
Which form the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new ſupplies each hour I meet,
While preſſing on to GOD.

4 Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Thro' everlaſting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmaſt ſtone;
And well deſerves the praiſe.

CLXX. *The Virtue of Chriſt's Blood.*

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL's veins;
And ſinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, as vile as he,
Waſh all my ſins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r,
Till all the ranſom'd church of GOD
Be ſav'd to ſin no more.

4 E'er ſince by faith I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong,
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave;
When this poor liſping, ſtammering tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

6 LORD, I believe thou haſt prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis ſtrung and tun'd for endleſs years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To ſound in GOD the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

CLXXI. *Views of Heaven.* 2 Cor. v.

1 THERE is a houſe not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands,
Till GOD ſhall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this priſon of my clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, O my ſoul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earneſt of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're abſent from the LORD.

5 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace;
But we had rather ſee:
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, LORD, with thee.

CLXXII. *Breathing after Heavenly Things.*

1 TO thee, my God, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden ſtores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt gems,
On the rich eaſtern ſhores.

2 Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty Name;
Nor greatneſs in its gayeſt forms,
My reſtleſs thoughts enflame.

3 Nor pleaſure's ſoft enticing charms,
My fond deſires allure;
Far greater things than earth can yield,
My wiſhes would ſecure.

4 Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting ſmiles,
That brighten heav'n above;
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
And treaſures of thy love.

5 Theſe are the mighty things I crave:
O! make theſe bleſſings mine;
And all the glories of this world
I gladly will reſign.

CLXXIII. *The ſtony Heart.*

1 O! For a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this ſtubborn ſtone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The ſeas can roar; the mountains ſhake;
Of feeling all things ſhow ſome ſign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the ſorrows thou haſt felt,
Dear LORD, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,
Amazing thought! which devils fear:
Goodneſs and wrath in vain combine,
To ſtir this ſtupid heart of mine.

5 But ſomething yet can do the deed,
And that dear ſomething much I need.
O! may the Spirit now refine
From droſs, and melt this heart of mine.

LXXIV. *Satan repulſed.*

1 'TIS falſe: thou vile accuſer; go,
I ſee thro' all the thin diſguiſe—
Back to thy native realms below,
Thou parent of deceit and lies!

2 Think not to drive my trembling ſoul,
Laden with guilt, to black deſpair:
Haſt thou ſurvey'd the ſacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3 Preſumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit Mercy's ſov'reign reign;
What other happy ſouls have found,
I'll ſeek, nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

4 I own my guilt, thy charge confeſs,
Nor can thy malice make it more;
Of crimes already numberleſs,
Vain the attempt to ſwell the ſcore.

5 Set the black liſt before my ſight;
While I remember JESUS dy'd,
'Twill only urge my ſpeedier flight,
To ſeek ſalvation at his ſide.

6 Low at his feet I'll caſt me down,
To him reveal my grief and fear;
And if he ſpurns me from his throne,
I'll be the firſt who'll periſh there.

CLXXV. *For Delight in Divine Worſhip.*

1 FAR from our thoughts vain world be gone,
Let our religious hours alone;
May we by faith the Saviour ſee:
We wait a viſit, LORD, from thee!

2 O warm our hearts with holy fire!
And kindle there a pure deſire;
Come, deareſt Saviour, from above,
And feed our ſouls with heav'nly love

3 Bleſs'd JESUS, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great IMMANUEL, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine!
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt One,
That eyes have ſeen or angels known.

CLXXVI. *For a Revival.*

1 O For a cloſer walk with GOD,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew,
When firſt I ſaw the LORD!
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of JESUS, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt!
I hate the ſins which make thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt.

5 The deareſt idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only thee.

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

CLXXVII. *Deſiring to know and Love Chriſt more.*

1 THOU only ſource of true delight,
Whom I unſeen adore
Unveil thy beauties to my ſight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation ſhines;
But in thy ſacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying LORD.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And ſins and ſorrows riſe,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart ſupplies.

4 But ah! too ſoon the pleaſing ſcene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears riſe dark between,
And I again complain.

5 JESUS, my LORD, my Life, my Light,
O come with bliſsful ray;
Break radiant thro' the ſhades of night,
And chaſe my fears away.

6 Then ſhall my ſoul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

CLXXVIII. *Rejoice evermore.* 1 Theſ. v. 6.

1 REJOICE evermore with Angels above,
In JESUS's power, in JESUS's love:
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation to God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, LORD, our relief in trouble haſt been?
Haſt ſav'd us from grief, haſt ſav'd as from ſin;
The pow'r of thy Spirit can ſet our hearts free;
And we ſhall inherit all fulneſs in thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace, all fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs that never can cloy;
To us it is given in Jeſus to know
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

4 No longer we join were ſinners invite,
Nor envy the ſwine their brutiſh delight;
Their joy is all ſadneſs, their mirth is all vain,
The laughter is madneſs, their pleaſure is pain.

5 O may they at laſt with ſorrow return,
The pleaſure to taſte for which they were born;
Our JESUS receiving, our happineſs prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

CLXXIX. *Glory of God in Chriſt.* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 NOW to the LORD, a noble ſong?
Awake, my ſoul; awake, my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See where it ſhines in JESU's face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his mightieſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth, and ſpreading flood,
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4 But in his look a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labor of thine hands;
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace! 'tis a ſweet a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jeſu's name!
Ye Angels, dwell upon the ſound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

6 O, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name on harps of gold!

CLXXX. *Seeking to win Chriſt.* Phil. iii. 7—9.

1 NO more, my GOD, I boaſt no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To truſt the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loſs:
My former pride I count my ſhame,
And nail my glory to his croſs.

3 Yes, LORD, I muſt and will eſteem
All things but loſs for JESU's ſake;
O may my ſoul be found in him,
And of his righteouſneſs partake!

4 The beſt obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can anſwer thy demands,
By pleading what my LORD has done.

CLXXXI. *The Heavenly Shepherd.* Pſal. xxiii.

1 THE LORD, my ſhepherd and my guide,
Will all my wants ſupply;
In ſafety I ſhall ſtill abide,
Beneath his watchful eye.

2 Amidſt the verdant flow'ry meads
He makes my ſweet repoſe,
When pain'd with thirſt, he gently leads
Where living water flows.

3 If from his fold I thoughtleſs ſtray,
He leads the wand'rer home,
And ſhows my erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.

4 Tho' haſt'ning to the ſilent tomb,
And death's dark ſhades appear;
Thy preſence, LORD, ſhall cheer the gloom,
And baniſh ev'ry fear.

5 No evil can my ſoul diſmay,
While I am near my GOD;
My comfort, my ſupport, and ſtay,
Thy ſtaff and guiding rod.

6 Thy conſtant bounties me ſurround,
Amidſt my envious foes;
My favour'd head with gladneſs crown'd,
My cup with bleſſing flows.

7 Thus ſhall thy goodneſs, love and care,
Attend my future days;
And I ſhall dwell for ever near
My GOD, and ſing his praiſe.

CLXXXII. *The ſame Subject.*

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or in the thirſty mountain pant.
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

CLXXXIII. *Trials overcome by Hope.*

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies;
I bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

2 Should death againſt my ſoul engage,
And helliſh darts be hurl'd;
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Should cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul,
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

CLXXXIV. *Praiſe to the Creator.* Pſal. c.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men!
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gate with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

CLXXXV. *Redeeming Love.*

1 COME, heavenly love, inſpire my ſong
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endleſs charms
Dwell in the bliſsful ſound!
Its influence ev'ry fear diſarms,
And ſpreads ſweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effuſion flow,
For guilty rebels loſt in ſin,
And doom'd to endleſs woe.

4 God's only Son (ſtupendous grace!)
Forſook his throne above;
And ſwift to ſave our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty former of the ſkies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliſs a boundleſs ſtore:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wiſh for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy croſs I fall;
My Lord, my life, my ſacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

CLXXXVI. *The World Crucified.* Gal. vi. 14.

1 LET worldly minds the world purſue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.

2 Its pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When JESUS is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm like me?

6 Yes, tho' of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadſt not loved me firſt,
I had refus'd thee ſtill.

CLXXXVII. *Chriſtian Love.*

1 LET party names no more
The Chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in CHRIST their head.

2 Among the ſaints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be baniſh'd far away;
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame LORD obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

CLXXXVIII. *The ſame ſubject.*

1 JESU, LORD, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyſelf the Prince of peace,
Bid all jars for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry ſtumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and ſpread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our LORD.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each another's burthen bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

CLXXXIX. *The Goodneſs of God.* Pſal. cxlv.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My GOD, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

2 GOD reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Thro' the whole earth his goodneſs ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, LORD!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the ſoul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim:
May we, who taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

CXC. *Unbelief lamented.*

1 WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears,
Then my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
So prone to act ſo baſe a part,
And harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught,
What ſtill I am ſo ſlow to learn,
That GOD is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat;
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5 But O! my LORD, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will,
Drives doubt and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

6 Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praiſe receive,
Be ſhame and ſelf-abhorrence mine.

CXCI. *The Virtue of Christ's Blood.* Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of CHRIST assist me to sing,
The blood of our Priest, our crucified King;
Which perfectly cleanses from sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear he'll freely impart,
Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from his heart,
With blood and with water, the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter, the fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure;
But if guilt removed return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved again and again.

4 This fountain unseal'd stands open for all
That long to be heal'd, the great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are led,
Here's health for the sickly, here's life for the dead.

5 This fountain, tho' rich, from charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and bare;
You can't come too filthy—come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain, whenever apply'd:
The water flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, tho' leprous as mine.

CXCII. *Submission to Providence.*

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
So to the earth we soon return,
And mingle with our dust.

2 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and bleſſed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

3 Peace! all our angry paſſions then;
Let each rebellious ſigh,
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

4 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

CXCIII. *Winter.*

1 SEE how rude Winter's icy hand
Has ſtripp'd the trees, and ſeal'd the ground;
But ſpring ſhall ſoon his rage withſtand,
And ſpread new beauties all around.

2 My ſoul a ſharper winter mourns;
Barren and lifeleſs I remain;
When will the gentle ſpring return,
And bid my graces grow again!

3 JESUS, my glorious ſun, ariſe,
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
O! huſh theſe ſtorms, and clear my ſkies,
And let me feel thy vital love.

4 Dear LORD, regard my feeble cry;
I faint and drop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Muſt it be winter all the year!

5 Be ſtill my ſoul, and wait his hour,
With humble pray'r and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repoſe on what his promiſe ſaith.

6 He, by whoſe all-commanding words,
Seaſons their changing courſe maintain;
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none ſhall ſeek his face in vain.

CXCIV. *Welcome Croſs.*

1 'TIS my happineſs below
Not to live without the croſs;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loſs:
Trials muſt, and will befall;
But with humble faith to ſee
Love inſcrib'd upon them all,
This is happineſs to me.

2 God, in Iſrael, ſows the ſeeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
Theſe ſpring up, and choke the weeds
Which would elſe o'erſpread the ſoil:
Trials make the promiſe ſweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chaſtiſement by the way;
Might I not, with reaſon, fear
I ſhould prove a caſt-away:
Baſtards may eſcape the rod
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Muſt not, would not, if he might.

CXCV. *Praiſe to God thro' the whole of our exiſtence.*

1 GOD of my life, thro' all my days,
My grateful pow'rs ſhall ſound thy praiſe;
The ſong ſhall 'wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the ſilent night.

2 When anxious cares wou'd break my reſt,
And grief wou'd tear my throbbing breaſt,
Thy tuneful praiſe I'll raiſe on high,
And check the murmur, and the ſigh.

3 When Death o'er Nature ſhall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail;
Joy thro' my ſwimming eyes ſhall break.
And mean the thanks I cannot ſpeak.

4 But O! when that laſt conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to fleſh no more,
With what glad accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the muſic of the ſkies!

5 Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,
Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown
The glowing ſeraphs round thy throne.

CXCVI. *Brotherly Love.* Eph. iv. 30. Phil. ii. 2.

1 NOW by the bowels of my GOD,
His ſharp diſtreſs, his ſore complaints,
By his laſt groans, his dying blood,
I charge my ſoul to love his ſaints.

2 Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and ſpite for ever ceaſe;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the ſaints, the ſons of peace.

3 The Spirit like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noiſe and ſtriſe;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love,
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;
So GOD forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear ſake of CHRIST his Son.

CXCVII. *The Promis'd Land.* Iſa. xxxiii. 17.

1 FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of night,
Unbounded glories riſe,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There pain and ſickneſs never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endleſs pleaſure reigns.

3 No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin, the ſource of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray:
But glory from the ſacred throne
Spreads everlaſting day.

5 O may the heav'nly proſpect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

6 Prepare us, LORD, by grace divine
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our ſpirits riſe and join
The chorus of the ſky.

CXCVIII. *Sins and Sorrows laid before God.*

1 O That we knew the ſecret place
Where we might find our GOD!
We'd ſpread our wants before his face,
And pour our woes abroad.

2 We'd tell him how our ſins ariſe,
What ſorrows we ſuſtain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves our hearts in pain.

3 He knows what arguments we'd take
To wreſtle with our GOD;
We'd plead for his own mercy's ſake,
And for our Saviour's blood.

4 Our GOD will pity our complaints,
And heal our broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his ſaints,
The language of their groans.

3 Ariſe, my ſoul from deep diſtreſs,
And baniſh ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To ſpread thy ſorrows there.

CXCIX. *The Pardoning God.* Micah. vii. 18.

1 GREAT GOD of wonders, all thy ways
Are matchleſs, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrival'd ſhine.
Who is a pard'ning GOD like thee!
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

2 Crimes of ſuch horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to ſpare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none ſhall in the honour ſhare.
Who, &c.

3 Angels and men resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who, &c.

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our GOD;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with JESU's blood.
Who, &c.

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic hosts above!
Who is a pard'ning GOD like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

CC. *Trust in God in Difficulties.*

1 WHY, O my heart, these anxious cares?
Why these tumultuous sick'ning fears?
Why thus all pensive and forlorn,
Dost thou thy thick'ning troubles mourn?

2 When threat'ning storms around thee rise,
And louring tempests spread the skies,
On God, my soul, thy burden cast,
And seek him in a peaceful rest.

3 If falsehood and deceit abound,
And envy's darts in secret wound,
If earthly springs of comfort dry,
And ev'ry blooming joy should die,

4 Silent I'll bear thy chast'ning rod,
Thy just displeasure, O my GOD!
On thee I'll wait with eager eyes,
To thee my pray'r with hope shall rise.

5 Yes, I ſhall hear thy cheering voice;
In thee my ſoul ſhall yet rejoice;
Thou wilt reveal thy ſmiling face,
And hence theſe gloomy horrors chace.

6 Thou art my SAVIOUR, thou my GOD!
Thy grace will I proclaim abroad;
That grace which bears my guilt away,
And turns the blackeſt night to day.

CCI. *The Returning Backſlider.*

1 THE LORD is kind in all his ways,
When moſt they ſeem ſevere;
He frowns, and ſcourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.

2 With thorns he fences up our path,
And builds a wall around;
To guard us from the death that lurks
In ſin's forbidden ground.

3 When other lovers, ſought in vain,
Our fond addreſs deſpiſe;
He opens his indulgent arms
With pity in his eyes:

4 Return, ye wand'ring ſouls, return,
And ſeek his tender breaſt;
Call back the mem'ry of thoſe days,
When there you found your reſt.

5 Behold, great GOD! we come to thee,
Tho' bluſhes veil our face;
Conſtrain'd our laſt retreat to ſeek
In thy much injur'd grace.

CCII. *For a New Spirit.* Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD of truth and love!
In me thy pow'r exert;
The mountain from my ſoul remove,
The hardneſs of my heart.

My moſt obdurate heart ſubdue,
In honour to thy Son;
And now thy gracious wonder ſhew,
And take away the ſtone.

2 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A ſenſibility of ſin,
A pain to feel it near:
I want the firſt approach to feel
Of pride or vain deſire,
To catch the wand'rings of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more depart,
No more thy goodneſs grieve;
The filial awe, the fleſhly heart,
The tender conſcience give:
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God! my conſcience make,
Awake my ſoul when ſin is nigh,
And keep is ſtill awake.

CCIII. *The Heavenly Gueſt.*

1 AND will the LORD thus condeſcend
To viſit ſinful worms?
Thus at the door ſhall mercy ſtand
In all her winning forms!

2 Surpriſing grace!—and ſhall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Muſt mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall JESUS for admiſſion ſue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis ſin, alas! with tyrant pow'r
The lodging has poſſeſs'd;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Againſt the heav'nly gueſt.

5 Lord, riſe in thy all-conqu'ring grace,
Thy mighty power diſplay;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foesaway

6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart!
Dear Saviour enter in,
And guard the paſſage to my heart,
And keep out ev'ry ſin.

CCIV. *Danger of Creature-Comforts.*

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How falſe and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure has its poiſon too;
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
When we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe?
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

CCV. *Vanity of Worldly Schemes.*

1 TO-morrow, LORD, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
'Waken by thy almighty pow'r
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursu'd;
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd:

5 To JESUS may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

CCVI. *Desiring to Love God Supremely.*

1 AND is it yet, dear LORD, a doubt,
If in my breast thou reign'st alone!
O find the lurking rival out,
And drag the traitor from the throne.

2 Would earth's delusive trifling charms,
Assume a power above thy name?
Stab each usurper in my arms,
And vindicate thy rightful claim.

3 By purchaſe, duty, ev'ry tie,
Yea choice itſelf, Lord, I am thine;
Maintain thy right, or let me die,
Ere from thy love my ſoul decline.

4 If my unſteady heart would rove,
(And well thou know'ſt its treach'rous frame)
If aught below, or aught above,
Would ſhare or quench the ſacred flame;

5 Chaſe the curs'd object from my ſoul,
Thence, thence the twining miſchief tear;
Reign thou the ſov'reign of the whole,
Be Lord of ev'ry motion there.

CCVII. *The Increaſing Power of Chriſt's Kingdom.*

1 ALL hail, incarnate GOD!
The wond'rous things foretold
Of thee in ſacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its ſilver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brighteſt days;
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all conqu'ring King!

3 O haſte, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When ſouls like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle ſway:
O may it bleſs our longing eyes,
And bear our ſhouts beyond the ſkies.

3 All hail, triumphant, LORD!
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations ſue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand for ever ſure.

CCVIII. *The Divine Sovereignty and Wiſdom.*

1 GOD is king, ye lands rejoice,
Lift, ye iſles, a thankful voice,
Shout, ye ſaints, in joyful ſtrains;
God, your God and Father reigns.

2 He controls the ſons of pride,
Sits above the raging tide;
None his mighty hand can ſtay,
None reſiſt his ſov'reign ſway.

3 Thoughts are vain againſt the LORD,
All ſubſerve his ſtanding word;
Satan hinders, men object—
Yet what they oppoſe—effect.

4 O how deep his counſel lies!
How unfathomably wiſe!
Every way his will is done,
Every way his pow'r his ſhown.

5 Subjects of the LORD, be bold,
All his plan will ſoon unfold;
Wheels encircling wheels combine
To complete the grand deſign.

6 Bleſt is Faith, that truſts his pow'r;
Bleſt his Hope, that waits his hour:
Let the glorious cloſe appear,
Haſte, great Conqu'ror! bring it near.

CCIX. *Chriſt the only Saviour.* Iſa. lxiv. 6.

1 LONG did my ſoul in JESU's form
No comelineſs or beauty ſee;
His ſacred name by others priz'd,
Was taſteleſs ſtill, and dead to me.

2 Men call'd me Chriſtian, and my heart
On that deluſion fondly ſtay'd:
Moral my hopes, my Saviour ſelf,
Till mighty grace the cheat diſplay'd.

3 Thanks to the hand that wak'd my dream,
That ſhow'd me wretched, naked, poor;
That ſweetly led me to the rock,
Where all ſalvation ſtands ſecure.

4 Glad, I forſook my righteous pride,
My moral, tarniſh'd, ſinful dreſs;
Exchang'd my droſs away for CHRIST,
And found the robe of righteouſneſs.

CCX. *God All in All* Pſal. xviii. 46.

1 THE great JEHOVAH reigns
Upon a throne ſublime;
And from his own eternity
Sees the wide waſte of time.

2 This great JEHOVAH's mine!
The ſaint in rapture cries;
And to this everlaſting rock
My joyful ſpirit flies.

3 From this immortal ſpring
Immenſe ſalvation flows;
And with the wonders of his love
My grateful boſom glows.

4 His name ſhall be my ſong
While life and breath are giv'n;
And this unceaſing praiſe ſhall run
Thro' all the days of heav'n

CCXI. *Chriſt Juſtifies and Sanctifies.* John xix. 34.

1 MY Saviour's pierc'd ſide
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by his blood.

2 Look up, my ſoul, to him,
Whoſe death was thy deſert;
And humbly view the living ſtream
Flow from his broken heart.

3 There on the curſed tree
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants ſupplies.

4 LORD, cleanſe my ſoul from ſin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witneſs to my heart.

CCXII. *Chriſt excellent and deſirable.*

1 HOW glorious is thy name
Thro' all the ranſom'd hoſt,
O Bleſſed Lamb, who came
To ſeek and ſave the loſt!

2 Thou art beyond compare,
Moſt precious in our ſight!
Than ſons of men more fair;
And infinite in might!

3 Thy perfect work divine
Makes us for ever bleſt:
Here truth and mercy ſhine;
And men with God do reſt.

4 Thy ways are far above
The ways of men, O God!
Above their thoughts thy love,
In ſaving by thy blood.

5 Let us count all things loſs
That JESUS we may win!
Let's glory in his croſs,
And leave the paths of ſin.

6 In him let us rejoice,
Salvation he hath wrought:
Be his commands our choice;
For with his blood we're bought.

CCXIII. *For Victory over Death.* 1 Cor. xv. 55.

1 O For an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monſter Death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2 Joyful with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhould ſing,
"Where is thy boaſted vict'ry, Grave?
"And where the monſter's ſting?"

3 If ſin be pardoned, I'm ſecure;
Death hath no ſting beſide;
The law gives ſin its damning pow'r;
But CHRIST, my ranſom, dy'd.

4 Now to the GOD of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' CHRIST our living head.

CCXIV. *Safety in Christ.*

1 BESET with ſnares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I ſtand:
Saviour divine! diffuſe thy light,
To guide my doubtful footſteps right.

2 Engage this roving, threach'rous heart,
Great GOD! to chooſe the better part;
To ſcorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then ſhould the wildeſt ſtorms ariſe,
And tempeſts mingle earth and ſkies;
No fatal ſhipwreck ſhall I fear,
But all my treaſure with me bear.

4 If thou, my JESUS, ſtill art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and cheerful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thouſand worlds in thee.

CCXV. *To the Holy Ghoſt.*

1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come,
Let thy bright beams ariſe;
Diſpel the darkneſs from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſt the flame
Of never dying love.

3 Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to JESU's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The ſecret love of GOD.

4 'Tis thine to cleanſe the heart,
To ſanctify the ſoul,
To pour freſh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 If thou, celeſtial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What eaſy victims ſoon we fall
To conſcience, wrath, and law!

6 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our ſin revives; and death and hell
Our feeble ſouls aſſail.

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then ſhall we know, and praiſe, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

CCXVI. *Chriſt our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, and Redemption.* 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BELIEVERS own they are but blind;
They own themſelves unwiſe;
But wiſdom in the LORD they find,
Who opens all their eyes.

2 Unrighteous are they all when try'd;
But GOD himſelf declares,
In JESUS they are juſtify'd;
His righteouſneſs is theirs.

3 That we're unholy needs no proof;
We ſorely feel the fall:
But CHRIST has holineſs enough
To ſanctify us all.

4 Expos'd by ſin to GOD's juſt wrath,
We look to CHRIST and view
Redemption in his blood by faith;
And full redemption too.

5 Some this, ſome that, good virtue teach,
To rectify the ſoul:
But we firſt after JESUS reach,
And richly graſp the whole.

CCXVII. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*

1 LET us love, and ſing, and wonder,
Let us praiſe the Saviour's name;
He has huſh'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinia's flame.
He has waſh'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to GOD.

2 Let us love the LORD who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears and gave us eyes.
He has waſh'd us with his blood,
He preſents our ſouls to GOD.

3 Let us ſing, tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the LORD our ſtrong ſalvation,
Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown.
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to GOD.

4 Let us wonder, grace and juſtice
Join and point to mercy's ſtore:
When thro' grace in CHRIST our truſt is,
Juſtice ſmiles and aſks no more.
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Has ſecur'd our way to GOD.

5 Let us praiſe and join the chorus
Of the ſaints enthron'd on high:
Here they truſted him before us;
Now their praiſes fill the ſky,
Thou haſt waſh'd us with thy blood;
Thou art worthy, Lamb of GOD!

6 Yes we praiſe thee, gracious Saviour,
Wonder, love, and bleſs thy name;
Pardon, LORD, our poor endeavour,
Pity, for thou know'ſt our frame.
Waſh our ſouls and ſongs with blood,
For by thee we come to GOD.

CCXVIII. *Looking to Jeſus.*

1 HOW glorious the Lamb is ſeen on the throne!
His labours are o'er, his conqueſts are won;
A kingdom is given into the Lamb's hand,
In earth and in heaven for ever to ſtand.

2 Ye ſinners below, then truſt in the LORD;
Look up to his arm, his honour, his word,
Athirſt for his favour, his Godhead adore;
Look up to your Saviour, and joy evermore!

CCXIX. *The ſame Subject.*

1 LO! to the hills I lift my eyes
Thy promis'd help I claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
The holy JESU's name.

2 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
All, all I want is there.

CCXX. *The Faithfulneſs of God relied on.*

1 OUR GOD! how firm his promiſe ſtands,
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He truſts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my ſoul, theſe ſad complaints,
Since CHRIST and we are one?
Our GOD is faithful to his ſaints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his ſmiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n poſſeſs'd;
I'll praiſe him for his grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

CCXXI. *Chriſt's Interceſſion.* Heb. viii. 25.

1 A DAWN of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet for me IMMANUEL lives
To plead his potent pray'r.

2 Diſpel then, LORD, theſe ſhades of night
My ſullen doubts remove;
O ſend a ray of heav'nly light,
And lead me to thy love.

CCXXXII. *The ſaints' Deliverance at Death.* Rev. xxi. 4.

1 THE LORD ſhall wipe away all tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itſelf ſhall die.

2 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly ſwiftly round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

CCXXIII. *Safety in God.* Pſal. xci.

1 HE that has made his refuge God,
Shall find a moſt ſecure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his ſhade,
And there at night ſhall reſt his head.

2 Thrice happy man, thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's ſnare;
Satan the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded ſouls a thouſand ways.

3 What tho' a thouſand at thy ſide,
At thy right hand a thouſand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen people ſaves
Amongſt the dead, amidſt the graves.

CCXXXIV. *The Heart devoted to God.* Pſal. cxlv.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raiſe the ſong.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee.

3 But who can ſpeak thy wondrous deeds!
Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe.

CCXXV. *The everlaſting Covenant.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 THY word, O God, ſupports my faith,
From thence my hope doth ſpring;
Founded alone on what God ſaith,
My ſoul, adore and ſing.

2 Thy word is truth, thy promiſe ſure,
Hence faith and hope abide:
My ſoul in ſafety ſhall endure;
Nought can from CHRIST divide.

CCXXVI. *To the Trinity.*

1 BLESS'D be the FATHER and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great SON of GOD,
From whoſe dear wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood.
Pardon and life for dying ſouls

3 We give thee, SACRED SPIRIT, praiſe
Who in our hearts of ſin and wo
Mak'ſt living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into endleſs glory flow.

CCXXVII. *Comfort for Mourners.* Iſa. l. 10.

1 WHERE are the mourners, ſays the LORD,
That wait and tremble at my word?
That walk in darkneſs all the day?
Come make my name your truſt and ſtay.

2 The ſofteſt couch that nature knows,
Can give the conſcience no repoſe:
Look to my righteouſneſs and live;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.

CCXXXVIII. *Growth in Grace.* Pſal. xcii.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be ſeen,
Like a young cedar freſh and green.

2 There grow thy ſaints in faith and love,
Bleſt with thy influence from above;
Time, that does all things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they ſhow
The LORD is holy, juſt, and true:
None that attend his gates ſhall find
A GOD unfaithful, or unkind.

CCXXIX. *Free Grace.*

1 WHY was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thouſands make a wretched choice,
And rather ſtarve then come?

2 'Twas the ſame love that made the feaſt,
That ſweetly forc'd us in;
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

CCXXX. *Completeneſs in Chriſt.*

1 HAD I ten thouſand gifts beſide,
I'd cleave to JESUS crucify'd,
And build on him alone:
For no foundation is their giv'n
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,
But CHRIST the corner-ſtone,

2 Poſſeſſing CHRIST, I all poſſeſs;
Wiſdom, and ſtrength, and righteouſneſs,
And ſanctity complete:
Bold in his name I dare draw nigh,
Before the Ruler of the ſky,
And all his juſtice meet.

CCXXXI. *Self-Examination.* Pſal. cxxxix.

1 THY piercing eye, O GOD, ſurveys
The various windings of my ways:
Teach me their tendency to know,
And try the paths in which I go.

2 How wild, how crooked, have they been?
A maze of fooliſhneſs and ſin!
With all the light I vainly boaſt,
Leaving my guide, my ſoul is loſt.

3 O turn me back to thee again!
Or I ſhall ſearch my ways in vain:
Do thou the path of life reveal,
And lead me up to Zion's hill.

CCXXXII. Heb. vi. 17—19.

1 HOW oft have ſin and Satan ſtrove
To rend my ſoul from thee, my God?
But everlaſting is thy love,
And JESUS ſeals it with his blood.

2 Amidſt temptations ſharp and long,
My ſoul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is the anchor firm and ſtrong,
While tempeſts blow, and billows riſe.

3 The goſpel bears my ſpirits up;
A faithful and unchanging GOD
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promiſes, and blood.

CCXXXIII. *Praiſe ye the Lord.*

1 GLORY be to God on high, Hallelujah.
God, whoſe glory fills the ſky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King, Hallelujah.
Thee we now preſume to ſing!
Glad thine attributes confeſs,
Glorious all, and numberleſs.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd, Hallelujah.
Hail, the everlaſting LORD!
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove,
LORD of pow'r, and GOD of love!

CCXXXIV. *Faithfulneſs of God.* John xiii. 1.

1 THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whoſe love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows meaſure nor end.
'Tis JESUS, the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

CCXXXV. *A bleſſed Goſpel.* Pſal. lxxxix.

BLEST are the ſouls that hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.
Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The LORD, our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives;
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

CCXXXVI. *Human Weakneſs and Chriſt's Strength.* 2 Cor. xii. 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour ſay;
"Strength ſhall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep diſtreſs,
Leaning on all-ſufficient Grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That CHRIST's own pow'r may reſt on me;
When I am weak, then am I ſtrong;
Grace is my ſhield, and CHRIST my ſong.

CCXXXVII. *Confidence in God.* Job v. 19.

1 WHY ſhould I doubt his love at laſt,
With anxious thoughts perplext?
Who ſav'd me in the troubles paſt,
Will ſave me in the next:
Will ſave, till at my lateſt hour,
With more than conqueſt bleſt,
I ſoar beyond temptation's pow'r
To my Redeemer's breaſt.

CCXXXVIII. *Deſiring Chriſt.*

1 COME, O thou univerſal good!
Balm of the wounded conſcience, come!
The hungry, dying ſpirit's food;
The weary wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the ſhipwreck'd in;
My everlaſting reſt from ſin!

2 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My ſtrength, and health, and ſhield, and ſun;
My boaſt, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My goſpel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradiſe.

CCXXXIX. *I will rejoice in thy ſalvation.*

1 SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
What pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm of ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Chorus. Glory, honour, praiſe and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jeſus Chriſt is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! praiſe the Lord!

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.
Chorus. Glory, honour, praiſe and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jeſus Chriſt is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! praiſe the Lord!

3 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praiſe belongs:
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Chorus. Glory, honour, praiſe and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jeſus Chriſt is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! praiſe the Lord!

CCXL. *The ſame Subject.*

SALVATION! what a glorious plan,
How ſuited to our need!
The grace that raiſes fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed!
'Twas wiſdom form'd the vaſt deſign,
To ranſom us when loſt;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the coſt.

3 Strict Juſtice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant ſeal'd;
And Truth and Power undertook
The whole ſhould be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Pow'r and Love,
Are equally diſplay'd:
Now JESUS reigns enthron'd above,
Our Advocate and Head.

5 Now ſin appears deſerving death,
Moſt hateful and abhorr'd;
And yet the ſinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the LORD.

CCXLI. *Rejoicing in Tribulation.*

1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices
With bleſt anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God,
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And paſſing thro' the fire,
Thy love we praiſe, which tries our ways,
And ever bring us nigher.
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour,
Thy love divine, which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou doſt conduct thy people
Thro' torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, whilſt thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.

The world with ſin and Satan
In vain our march oppoſes:
By thee we ſhall break thro' them all
And ſing the ſong of Moſes.

4 By faith we ſee the glory
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us;
The world deſpiſe for that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us;
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

CCXLII. *Praiſe to the God of Abraham.*

1 THE God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above:
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH GREAT I AM!
By earth and heav'n confeſs'd;
I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſs'd.

2 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways:

He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And he ſhall ſave me to the end,
Thro' Jeſu's blood.

4 He by himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his oath depend,
I ſhall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heav'n aſcend:
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his pow'r adore,
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

CCXLIII. *Preſſing on towards Heaven.*

1 THO' nature's ſtrength decay,
And earth and hell withſtand
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At Chriſt's command:
The wat'ry deep I paſs,
With Jeſus in my view;
And thro' the howling wilderneſs
My way purſue.

2 The goodly land I ſee,
With peace and plenty bleſt;
A land of ſacred liberty,
And endleſs reſt.
There milk and honey flow;
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs,
(Triumphant o'er the world and ſin)
The Prince of Peace:

On Sion's ſacred height
His kingdom ſtill maintains,
And glorious with his ſaints in light,
For ever reigns.
4 He keeps his own ſecure,
He guards them by his ſide,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His ſpotleſs bride:
With ſtreams of ſacred bliſs,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradiſe
He ſtill ſupplies.

CCXLIV. *Welcome to Chriſt.*

1 COME, guilty ſouls, and flee away,
Like doves, to JESU's wounds;
This is the welcome goſpel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
2 GOD lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And JESUS ſays he'll caſt out none
That come to him by faith.

CCXLV. *Self-acquaintance.*

1 DEAR LORD, accept a ſinful heart
Which of itſelf complains,
And mourns with much and frequent ſmart,
The evil it contains.
2 Thoſe fiery ſeeds of anger lurk,
That often hurt my frame,
And wait but for the tempter's work
To fan them to a flame.
3 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In queſt of what they love!
But, ah! when duty calls them home
How heavily they move?

4 O cleanſe me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy pow'r,
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

CCXLVI. *For ſpiritual Food.*

1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed,
Bleſs the proviſion of thy houſe,
And ſatisfy thy poor with bread.

2 Drawn by thy invitation, LORD,
Athirſt and hungry we are come:
Now from the fulneſs of thy word,
Feaſt us, and ſend us thankful home.

CCXLVII. *Light ſhining out of Darkneſs.*

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take;
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the LORD by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

CCXLVIII. *Moonlight.*

1 THE moon has but a borrow'd light,
And faint and feeble ray;
She owes her beauty to the night,
And hides herſelf by day.

2 No cheering warmth her beam conveys,
Tho' pleaſing to behold:
We might upon her brightneſs gaze
Till we we ſtarv'd with cold.

3 Juſt ſuch is all the light to man
Which reaſon can impart;
It cannot ſhow one object plain,
Nor warm the frozen heart.

4 Thus moonlight-views of truth divine
To many fatal prove;
For what avails in gifts to ſhine,
Without a ſpark of love?

5 The goſpel, like the ſun at noon,
Affords a glorious light;
Then human reaſon's boaſted moon
Appears no longer bright.

6 And grace, not only light beſtows,
But adds a quick'ning pow'r;
The deſert bloſſoms like the roſe,
And ſin prevails no more.

CCXLIX. *Reigning Grace.*

NOW may the LORD reveal his face,
And teach our ſtamm'ring tongues
To make his ſov'reign reigning grace,
The ſubject of our ſongs!
No ſweeter ſubject can invite
A ſinner's heart to ſing,
Or more diſplay the glorious right
Of our exalted King.

2 This ſubject fills the ſtarry plains
With wonder, joy, and love;
And furniſhes the nobleſt ſtrains
For all the harps above:
While the redeem'd in praiſe combine
To Grace upon the throne;
Angels in ſolemn chorus join,
And make the theme their own.

3 Grace tills the ſoil, and ſows the ſeeds,
Provides the ſun and rain;
Till from the tender blade proceeds
The ripen'd harveſt grain.
'Twas Grace that called our ſouls at firſt,
By Grace thus far we're come,
And Grace will help us thro' the worſt,
And lead us ſafely home.

4 LORD, when this changing life is paſt
If we may ſee thy face;
How ſhall we praiſe, and love at laſt,
And ſing the reign of Grace!
Yet let us aim while here below
Thy mercy to diſplay;
And own at leaſt the debt we owe,
Altho' we cannot pay.

CCL. *Afflictions ſanctified by the Word.*

1 O How I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O LORD!
It guides me in the peaceful way,
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of ſhining wealth,
The ſtrength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys compar'd with thoſe
Thine everlaſting word beſtows!

3 Long unafflicted, undiſmay'd,
In Pleaſure's path ſecure I ſtray'd;
Thou mad'ſt me feel thy chaſt'ning rod,
And ſtraight I turn'd unto my GOD.

4 What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bleſs thine hand that caus'd the ſmart;
It taught my tears a-while to flow,
But ſav'd me from eternal wo.

5 Oh! hadſt thou left me unchaſtis'd,
Thy precept I had ſtill deſpis'd;
And *ſtill* the ſnare, in ſecret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

6 I love thee therefore, O my GOD,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where in thy preſence fully bleſt,
Thy choſen ſaints for ever reſt.

CCLI. *Worthy is the Lamb.* Rev. v. 9.

NOW to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
Be endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood,
Haſt ſet the priſ'ners free,
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

CCLII. *Chriſt our High-prieſt and King.* Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood;
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jeſus, our atoning Prieſt,
To Jeſus, our ſuperior King,
Be everlaſting pow'r confeſs'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory ſing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye ſhall ſee him move!
Tho' with our ſins we pierc'd him once,
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world ſhall wail,
While we rejoice to ſee the day,
"Come, Lord!" nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

CCLIII. *A Morning Hymn.* Pſal. xix. 5, 8, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning, at whoſe voice
The cheerful ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the ſkies.

2 From the fair chambers of the Eaſt
The circuit of his race begins,
And without wearineſs or reſt
Round the whole earth he flies and ſhine

3 Oh! like the ſun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4 But I ſhall rove and loſe the race,
If GOD, my ſun, ſhall diſappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wand'ring ſtar.

5 LORD, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings juſt, thy promiſe ſure,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.

6 Give me thy counſel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bleſs:
All my deſires and hopes beſide
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

CCLIV. *An Evening Hymn.* Pſal. iv. 8. & iii. 5, 6.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry evening ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt,
He gives me ſtrength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to ſleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful ſtations round my bed.

4 In vain the ſons of earth or hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful things;
My God in ſafety makes me dwell
Beneath the ſhadow of his wings.

[5 Faith in his name forbids my fears:
O may thy preſence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait the voice to rouſe my tomb,
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.]

CCLV. *A ſong for Morning & Evening.* Lam. iii. 23.

1 MY God, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew.

2 Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my ſleeping hours!
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all my drowſy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I conſecrate my days:
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

CCLVI. *Not aſhamed of the Goſpel.* 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

3 Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the deciſive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

CCLVII. *Saints in the Hands of Chriſt.* John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth the goſpel ſtands,
My LORD, my hope, my truſt,
If I am found in JESUS' hands,
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

2 His honour is engag'd to ſave
The meaneſt of his ſheep;
And all his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands ſecurely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breaſt;
In the dear boſom of his love
They muſt for ever reſt.

CCLVIII. *Chriſt's Interceſſion.* Rev. v. 6.

1 JESUS, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his prieſthood ſtill.

2 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

CCLIX. *A Morning Song.*

1 ONCE more, my ſoul, the riſing day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, the tribute pay
To Him that rules the ſkies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the ſound,
Wide as the heav'ns on which he ſits,
To turn the ſeaſons round.

3 'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame,
My tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe;
My ſins would rouſe his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Dear GOD, let all my hours be thine,
Whilſt I enjoy the light;
Then ſhall my ſoul in ſmiles decline,
And bring a pleaſant night.

CCLX. *Redeeming Mercy.*

1 RAISE your triumphant ſongs,
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
Celeſtial Grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched race
From their abyſs of woes!

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
Nor bolts to drive our guilty ſouls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas Mercy fill'd the throne
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrows ceaſe;
Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 LORD, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation thou haſt brought.
And love and praiſe thy name.

CCLXI. *God glorified in the Goſpel.*

1 THE LORD, deſcending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r and truth, and boundleſs love
Diſplay their glories here.

2 Here, in thy goſpel's wond'rous frame,
Freſh wiſdom we purſue!
A thouſand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'ver they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in faireſt lines,
Thy wonders here we trace:
Wiſdom thro' all the myſt'ry ſhines,
And ſhines in JESUS' face.

4 The law its beſt obedience owes
To our incarnate GOD;
And thy revenging Juſtice ſhows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But ſtill the luſtre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole ſcene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

CCLXII. *The Offices of Chriſt.*

1 WE bleſs the Prophet of the LORD,
That comes with truth and grace;
JESUS, thy ſpirit, and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Prieſt above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our GOD.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are his commands,
He guards our ſouls from hell and ſin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hoſanna to his glorious name,
Who ſaves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a ſov'reign claim
To our immortal praiſe.

CCLXIII. *The Sovereignty of God.* Pſal. xciii.

1 THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he aſſumes,
Are light and majeſty;
His glories ſhine with beams ſo bright,
No mortal eye can bear the ſight.

2 The thunder of his hand,
Keeps the whole world in awe;
His wrath and juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love reſolves to bleſs,
His truth confirms and ſeals the grace.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condeſcend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father, and my Friend?"
I love his name, I love his word,
Join all my pow'rs, and praiſe the LORD.

CCLXIV. *Chriſt Crucified; the Wiſdom and Power of God.*

1 NATURE with open volume ſtands,
To ſpread her Maker's praiſe abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shows ſomething worthy of a GOD.

2 But in the grace that reſcu'd man,
His brighteſt form of glory ſhines;
Here, on the croſs, 'tis faireſt drawn
In precious blood and crimſon lines.

3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor Wit can gueſs, nor Reaſon prove,
Which of the letters beſt is writ,
The pow'r, the wiſdom, or the love.

4 O! the ſweet wonders of that croſs
Where GOD the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding ſide.

5 I would for ever ſpeak his name
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown.
With angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's throne.

CCLXV. *Praiſe to the Bleſſed Trinity.*

1 I Give immortal praiſe to GOD the Father's love,
For all my comforts here, and better hopes above:
He ſent his own eternal Son
To die for ſins that man had done.

2 To GOD the Son belongs immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood from everlaſting wo:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And ſees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To GOD the Spirit's name immortal worſhip giv
Whoſe new-creating power makes the dead ſinne
live:
His work completes the great deſign,
And fills the ſoul with joy divine.

4 Almighty GOD, to thee be endleſs honour done,
The undivided Three, and the myſterious One:
Where Reaſon fails with all its pow'rs,
There Faith prevails, and Love adores.

CCLXVI. *Adoring Chriſt.*

1 HOſanna to the King of David's ancient blood
Behold, he comes to bring forgiving grac
from God
Let old and young attend his way,
And at his feet their honours lay.

2 Glory to GOD on high, ſalvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and ſea, and ſky, his wond'rous lov
proclaim;
Upon his head ſhall honour reſt,
And ev'ry age pronounce him bleſt.

CCLXVII. *For the Love of Chriſt.*

1 COME, deareſt LORD, deſcend, and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt!
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward ſtrength;
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

3 Now to the GOD whoſe pow'er can do
More than our thoughts and wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done
By all the church, thro' CHRIST the Son.

CCXLVIII. *Pleading Christ.*

FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
See thine own anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son.

Turn from me thy glorious eyes,
To that bloody sacrifice,
To that full atonement made,
To that utmost ransom paid.

To the blood that speaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving love;
To the tokens of his death,
Here exhibited beneath.

Hear his blood's prevailing cry,
Let thy bowels then reply;
Then thro' him the sinner see;
Then in Jesus look on me!

CCLXIX. *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.*

JESU, dear redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy foll'wers here.

In the rite thou hast enjoin'd
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
Thou that hast for sinner's dy'd,
Show thyself the Crucify'd!

All the guilt of sin remove,
Fill us with thy heav'nly love,
Stamp us with the stamp divine,
Seal us, Lord, for ever thine.

CCLXX. *The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*

1 GOD of all redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable thro' thy Son;
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

3 Juſt it is, and good and right,
That we ſhould be wholly thine,
In thine only will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join.

CCLXXI. *The ſame Subject.*

1 TOGETHER with theſe ſymbols, LORD,
Thy bleſſed ſelf impart;
And let thy very fleſh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our ſins be waſh'd
In thy redeeming blood;
And let thy Spirit be the ſeal,
That we are ſons of GOD.

3 Come, holy Ghoſt, with JESU's love,
Prepare us for this feaſt;
And let us banquet with our LORD,
And lean upon his breaſt.

CCLXXII. *The ſame Subject.*

1 BEHOLD what love the Father hath
On guilty men beſtow'd!
That we, poor ſinners, ſons of wrath,
Should be the ſons of GOD!

O! how beyond expreſſion great
The love of Chriſt doth ſhine:
'Tis like himſelf—th' eternal GOD
Paſt knowledge! all divine!

Behold! for guilty, guilty man,
The LORD of glory dies;
Lays down his life, them to redeem,
A precious ſacrifice!

And GOD the ſacrifice accepts,
His wrath is now appeas'd;
He looks to his beloved Son,
And ſays, "I am well pleas'd."

Now doth the ever bleſſed Lamb,
Who for his people dy'd,
See of the trivail of his ſoul,
And is well ſatisfy'd.

Now peace and good-will towards men
In plenteous ſtreams do flow,
And joy and hope of endleſs life,
Doth God thro' Chriſt beſtow.

O! let us then reſound the note;
Which ſtill prevails above;
And ever ſing, with joyful hearts,
The wonders of his love.

CCLXXIII. *The ſame Subject.*

ALL praiſe to the LORD, all praiſe is his due;
To-day is his word of promiſe found true;
We, we are the nations preſented to GOD;
Well-pleaſing oblations thro' JESUS's blood.

Poor Gentiles from far to JESUS we came,
And offer'd we are to GOD thro' his name;
To GOD thro' the Spirit ourſelves do we give,
And ſav'd by the merit of JESUS we live.

CCLXXIV. *The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*

1 OUR Shepherd alone, the LORD, let us bleſs
Who ſits on the throne, the Prince of our peace:
Who evermore ſaves us by ſhedding his blood;
All hail, holy JESUS, our LORD, and our GOD!

2 We daily will ſing thy merits and praiſe,
Thou merciful ſpring of pity and grace:
Thy kindneſs for ever to men we will tell,
And ſay our dear Saviour redeems us from hell.

3 Preſerve us in love while here we abide,
Nor ever remove, nor cover, nor hide,
Thy glorious ſalvation, till joyful we ſee
The beautiful viſion completed in thee!

CCLXXV. *The ſame Subject.*

1 THOU very paſchal Lamb,
Whoſe blood for us was ſhed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ranſom'd people lead!

2 Angel of goſpel-grace,
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed thy choſen race,
In Iſrael's camp appear.

3 Throughout the deſert way
Conduct us by thy light!
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting ſouls ſuſtain
With bleſſings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

CCLXXVI. *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.*

1 JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their LORD.

2 For food he gives his fleſh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace
Of our deſcending GOD!

3 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe;
Pleaſure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

CCLXXVII. *The ſame Subject.*

1 ALL glory and praiſe
To th' Ancient of days,
Who was born and was ſlain to redeem a loſt race.

2 Salvation to GOD,
Who carry'd our load,
And purchas'd our peace with the price of his blood

3 And ſhall he not have
The lives which he gave
Such an infinite ranſom for ever to ſave?

4 Yes, LORD, we are thine,
And gladly reſign
Our ſouls to be fill'd with the fulneſs divine.

5 We yield thee thine own,
We'd ſerve thee alone,
Thy will upon earth as in heaven be done.

6 How, when it ſhall be,
We cannot foreſee;
But O! let us live, let us die unto thee?

CCLXXVIII. *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.*

1 THANKFUL for our ev'ry bleſſing,
Let us ſing CHRIST the ſpring,
Never, never ceaſing!

2 Source of all our gifts and graces
CHRIST we own, CHRIST alone
Calls for all our praiſes.

3 He diſpels our ſin and ſadneſs,
Life imparts, cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladneſs.

4 He himſelf for us hath given,
Us he feeds, us he leads
To a feaſt in heaven.

CCLXXIX. *The ſame Subject.*

1 FATHER of mankind, be ever ador'd;
Thy mercy we find in ſending our LORD
To ranſom and bleſs us; thy goodneſs we praiſe
For ſending in JESUS ſalvation by grace.

2 O Son of his love! who deigneſt to die,
Our curſe to remove, our pardon to buy;
Accept our thankſgiving, Almighty to ſave,
Who openeſt heaven to all that believe.

3 O Spirit of love! of health and of pow'r,
Thy working we prove, thy grace we adore:
Whoſe inward revealing applies our Lord's blood,
Atteſting and ſealing us children of GOD.

CCLXXX. *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.*

1 O Let thy love our hearts conſtrain,
JESUS, the crucify'd!
What haſt thou done our hearts to gain?
Languiſh'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!
2 Us into cloſeſt union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindneſs ſweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.
3 Who would not now purſue the way
Where JESU's footſteps ſhine?
Who would not own the pleaſing ſway
Of Charity divine?
4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ing foes to move,
And force a frowning world to ſay,
"See how theſe Chriſtians love!"

CCLXXXI. *The ſame ſubject.*

1 LORD, help us on thy love to feed;
In peace diſmiſs us hence;
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence.
2 We now deſire to bleſs thy name,
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodneſs of the LORD,

CCLXXXII. *The ſame ſubject.*

1 OUR lives, our blood, we here preſent,
If for thy ſake they may be ſpent;
Fulfil thy ſov'reign counſel Lord,
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.
2 Give us thy ſtrength, thou GOD of pow'r;
Then let men ſcorn, and Satan roar;
Thy faithful witneſſes we'll be:
'Tis fix'd—we can do all thro' thee.

CCLXXXIII. *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.*

1 HELP us to help each other, LORD,
Each other's croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel another's care.

2 Help us to build each other up,
Our little ſtock improve;
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

3 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the ſanctify'd.

CCLXXXIV. *The ſame ſubject.*

1 GLORY unto JESUS be,
From the curſe he ſet us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ranſom fully paid.

2 His redeem'd his praiſe ſhout forth,
Ever glorying in his worth;
Angels ſing around the throne,
Thou art worthy! Thou alone!

3 He will ſoon return again,
And his ſaints with him ſhall reign;
In this hope they joyful ſay,
Come, LORD JESUS—come away.—

CCLXXXV. *The Benefit of Afflictions.*

1 THY people, LORD, have ever found
'Tis good to bear thy rod;
Afflictions make us learn thy law,
And live upon our GOD.

2 This is the comfort we enjoy,
When new diſtreſs begins;
We read thy word we run thy way,
And hate our former ſins.

3 Thy judgments, LORD, are always right,
Tho' they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt ſuff'rings we endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

4 Before we knew thy chaſt'ning rod,
Our feet were apt to ſtray;
But now we learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

CCLXXXVI. *A Friend Indeed.* Prov. xviii. 24.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deſerves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Coſtly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his friendſhip prove,
Find it everlaſting love.

2 Which of all our friends to ſave us,
Could or would have ſhed their blood?
But our JESUS died to have us,
Reconcil'd, in him, to GOD:
This was boundleſs love indeed!
JESUS is a friend in need.

3 Oh! for grace our hearts to ſoften!
Teach us, LORD, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above:
But when home our ſouls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

CCLXXXVII. *For a Revival.*

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, LORD, gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd
Happy seasons we have seen;
But a draught has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Dearest Saviour, haste hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

5 Let our mutual love be fervant
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one eſteem'd thy ſervant,
Shun the world's bewitching ſnares:
Break the tempter's fatal power.
Turn the ſtony heart to fleſh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afreſh.

CCLXXXIII. *Receiving a Member into Society.*

1 WELCOME, thou well-belov'd of GOD,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us thine hand to join,
As partner of our lot divine:
Bleſſings abundant from above,
Give him, we pray, thou GOD of love.

2 With us the pilgrim's ſtate embrace;
We're trav'lling to a bliſsful place,
The new Jeruſalem above,
The radiant throne, the ſeat of love.
The Holy Ghoſt that knows the way,
Conduct thee on from day to day!

3 The ſtaff of promiſe now receive,
Thy weary footſteps to relieve,
The chief ſupport the trav'ller knows,
Leaning on which he forward goes.
Thus, if for reſt thy ſpirits call
Leaning on this thou can'ſt not fall.

4 With peace, with ceaſeleſs peace be ſhod,
The ſhoes of peace receive of GOD;
Theſe keep from pain the pilgrim's feet
And make the rugged way ſeem ſweet.
So Sion's paths ſhall ever prove
The paths of joy, and peace, and love.

5 Thus onward move with upright pace;
Stedfaſt purſue the goſpel-race:
Fill'd with the pow'r of truth divine,
Prove all the ſtrength of JESUS thine.
Commiſſion'd angels ſoon ſhall come,
And waft thee to thy wiſh'd-for home.

CCLXXXIX. *A Welcome to Chriſtian Friends.*

1 KINDRED in Chriſt, for his dear ſake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give!

2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And ſhortly we ſhall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end, the ſame.

3 May he, by whoſe kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications ſweet,
And cauſe our hearts to burn with love!

4 Forgotten be each wordly theme,
When Chriſtians ſee each other thus
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him,
Who liv'd, and dy'd; and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and ſaid,
And ſuffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now,

6 Thus, as the moments paſs away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And haſten on the glorious day,
When we ſhall meet to part no more.

CCXC. *At Meeting.*

1 BLEST by Jesu's providence,
Lo! we meet again in peace:
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious place!

2 When we once ſhall there arrive,
Ever happy we ſhall reign;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midſt a hoſt of perfect men.

3 There ſhall ſorrow not intrude,
Grief ſhall never there appear;
Waſh'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We ſhall ſtand, made free from fear.

4 Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family complete,
Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
In the houſe above ſhall meet.

5 Maſter, haſten on the day!
Glorious to thy judgment come!
Call thy trav'lling ſaints away:
Lord, we long to be at home.

CCXCI. *At Parting.*

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one ſpirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go,
And ſtill in Jesu's footſteps tread,
And do his work below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide;
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucify'd.

4 Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulneſs to receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

5 Thus let us haſten to the day
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore,
When death ſhall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

CCXCII. *For Miniſters at Parting.*

1 WITH all thy pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
Our faithful miniſter ſecure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-ſufficient grace;
Give to his footſteps paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulneſs fulfil;
Preſerve him, Lord, from ev'ry ill.

3 Before his face protection ſend;
O love him, ſave him to the end:
Nor let him as thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thouſands yet unborn may praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

CCXCIII. *Morning.*

1 RISE, my ſoul, adore thy Maker;
Angels praiſe, join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

2 Sov'reign Lord of ev'ry ſpirit,
In thy light lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's merit.

3 Thou this night waſt my protector,
With me ſtay all this day,
Ever my director.

4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace be my bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

5 Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good, life, and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

6 Glory, honour, thanks, and bleſſing,
One in Three, give we thee,
Never, never ceaſing.

CCXCIV. *Evening*

1 ERE I ſleep, for every favour
This day ſhow'd by my God,
I will bleſs my Saviour.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace be my bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

3 Viſit me with thy ſalvation;
Let thy care now be near,
Round my habitation.

4 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r,
Safely keep, while I ſleep,
Me with all thy pow'r.

5 And whene'er in death I ſlumber
Let me riſe with the wiſe,
Counted in their number.

CCXCV. *Evening.*

1 DREAD Sov'reign let my evening ſong
Like holy incenſe riſe;
Aſſiſt the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty ſkies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual bleſſings from above,
Encompaſs me around;
But, O! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found?

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Faſt as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkl'd afreſh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

CCXCVI. *Morning.*

1 AWAKE, my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;
Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-ſpent time that's paſt,
Live this day as if 'twere thy laſt;
T' improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainſt the great day thyſelf prepare.

3 Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear;
Think how th' all-ſeeing God thy ways,
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

4 Glory to God, who ſafe hath kept,
And hath refreſh'd me while I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

5 Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

6 Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures, here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

CCCXVII. *Evening.*

1 GLORY to thee, my God this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me! King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
Whatever ills this day I've done;
That with the word, myſelf, and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Triumphing riſe at the laſt day.

4 O may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep my eyelids cloſe;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To ſerve my God when I awake.

5 Let my bleſt Guardian, while I ſleep;
Cloſe to my bed his vigils keep;
Let no vain dreams diſturb my reſt,
No pow'rs of darkneſs me moleſt.

6 Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

CCXCVIII. *Lord's Day Morning.*

1 TO-day God bids the faithful reſt,
To day he ſhow'rs his grace;
"Seek ye my face," the Lord hath ſaid:
Lord, we will ſeek thy face

2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,
With God's aſſembly join;
Lo! heaven deſcends to welcome man
To taſte the things divine!

3 We come, dear Saviour; lo! we come,
Lord of our life and ſoul;
We come diſeas'd, and faint, and ſick;
Be pleas'd to make us whole.

4 O may we pleaſe our God to-day,
May that be all our care!
Give, Lord, thy grace, leſt evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.

5 Amidſt th' aſſembly of thy ſaints
Let us be faithful found;
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praiſe abound.

6 Let thy good Spirit help our ſouls
With faith thy word to hear;
Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
And let us find thee near.

CCXCIX. *Lord's Day Morning.*

1 THIS is the day, the LORD's own day,
A day of holy reſt;
O teach our ſouls to reſt from ſin;
That reſt will pleaſe thee beſt.
This is the day, the day, O LORD,
On which thou didſt ariſe
For ſinners, having made thyſelf
A ſinleſs ſacrifice.

2 Thou, thou alone redeemed haſt
Our ſouls from deadly thrall,
With no leſs price than thine own blood,
The purchaſe of us all.
Hadſt thou not dy'd, we had not liv'd;
But dy'd eternally;
We'll live to him, who dy'd for us,
And praiſe his name on high.

3 Thou, LORD, didſt die, and riſe again,
And didſt aſcend on high,
That we poor ſinners loſt and dead
Might live eternally.
Thy blood was ſhed inſtead of ours,
Thy ſoul our guilt did bear;
Thou took'ſt our ſins, gav'ſt us thyſelf,
Thy love's beyond compare!

4 Welcome and dear unto my ſoul
Is thy moſt holy day!
May I th' eternal Sabbath keep
With GOD my ſtrength and ſtay.
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footſteps, LORD, I trace,
I joy to think this is the way
To ſee my Saviour's face.

CCC. *Lord's Day Evening.*

1 WHEN, O dear JESUS! when ſhall I
Behold thee all ſerene;
Bleſt in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Aſſiſt me while I wander here,
Amidſt a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.

3 Releaſe my ſoul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, O GOD! O ſpare the ſoul
That gives itſelf to thee;
Take all that I poſſeſs below,
And give thyſelf to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father! give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my way to ceaſeleſs joys,
Where Sabbaths never end.

CCCI. *New Years' Even.*

1 THE LORD, our ſalvation and light,
The guide and the ſtrength of our days;
Has brought us together, to-night,
A new Ebenezer to raiſe:
The year we have now paſſed thro',
His goodneſs with bleſſings has crown'd;
Each morning his mercies were new,
Then let our thankſgivings abound.

2 Encompaſs'd with dangers and ſnares,
Temptations, and fears, and complaints;
His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs,
His hand open'd wide to our wants:

We never beſought him in vain;
When burden'd with ſorrow or ſin,
He help'd us again and again,
Or where, before now, had we been?

3 His goſpel throughout the long year,
From Sabbath to Sabbath he gave;
How oft has he met with us here,
And ſhown himſelf mighty to ſave?
His candleſtick has been remov'd
From churches once privileg'd thus;
But, tho' we unworthy have prov'd,
It ſtill is continu'd to us.

4 For ſo many mercies receiv'd,
Alas! what returns have we made?
His Spirit we often have griev'd,
And evil, for good, have repaid:
How well it becomes us to cry,
"O who is a GOD like to thee!
Who paſſeſt iniquities by,
And plungeſt them deep in the ſea?"

5 To JESUS, who ſits on the throne,
Our beſt hallelujahs we bring;
To thee it is owing alone,
That we are permitted to ſing:
Aſſiſt us, we pray, to lament
The ſins of the year that is paſt;
And grant that the next may be ſpent
Far more to thy praiſe than the laſt.

CCCII. *For New-Year's Day.*

1 AND now, my ſoul, another year
Of thy ſhort life is paſt.
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

2 Awake my ſoul, with utmoſt care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how ſure, how fair,
And what thy great concern.

3 Now a new ſcene of time begins,
Set out afreſh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former ſins,
In CHRIST ſo freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyſelf to GOD,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal purſue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

CCCIII. *The ſame Subject.* Luke xiii. 6.

1 THE LORD of earth and ſky,
The GOD of ages praiſe!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls were found;
Yet did he us in mercy ſpare
Another, and another year.

5 When Juſtice drew the ſword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the LORD
Cry'd—"Let it ſtill alone:"
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,
And ſpar'd us yet another year.

4 JESUS, thy ſpeaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace:

Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo! we ſee another year:
5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow-ground,
And, let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound.
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

CCCIV. *The ſame Subject.*

1 WHILE with ceaſeleſs courſe the ſun
Haſted thro' the former year,
Many ſouls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal ſtate,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the light'ning from the ſkies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid ſtream;
Upward, LORD, our ſpirits raiſe;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies paſt receive;
Pardon of our ſins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bleſs the word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's ſhort tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

CCCV. *For New-Year's Day.*

1 NOW, gracious LORD, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy preſence feel,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone!

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and ſhame.

3 From all the guilt of former ſin
May Mercy ſet us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above
That ſaints may love thee more;
And ſinners now may learn to love
Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home;
May growing numbers worſhip here,
And praiſe thee in our room.

CCCVI. *Circumciſion.*

1 SEE, my ſoul, with wonder ſee
The incarnate Deity;
Human nature he aſſumes,
He to ranſom ſinners comes!
He was not conceiv'd in ſin,
He was infinitely clean;
Him no ſinful ſpot diſguis'd,
Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.

2 Circumcise our filthy hearts;
Purify our inward parts;
LORD, destroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find:
In thy righteousness array'd,
Let us triumph and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
Let us see thy face in light.

CCCVII. *Epiphany.*

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star;
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Fear not hence that there shall flow
Wars, or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of Peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the shades of death;
Scatt'ring Error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your GOD appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

5 There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes;
GOD in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.

6 Sing, ye morning stars, again;
GOD descends on earth to reign!
Diegns for man his life t'employ
Shout, ye sons of GOD, for joy,

CCCVIII. *Good-Friday.*

1 CHARG'D with the complicated load
Of all his people's debt,
By faith I ſee the Lamb of God
Expire beneath its weight.

2 My guilt transferr'd from me to him,
Shall never more be found;
Loſt in his blood's atoning ſtream,
And in that fountain drown'd.

3 My mighty ſins to thee are known,
But mightier ſtill is he,
Who laid his life a ranſom down,
And pleads his death for me.

CCCIX. *Repentance at the Croſs.*

1 OH! if my ſoul was form'd for wo,
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my ſins my deareſt LORD
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my ſoul, for thee!

3 O how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my GOD;
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer! they ſhall die,
My heart hath ſo decreed;
Nor will I ſpare thoſe guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilſt with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins,
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

CCCX. *It is finiſhed.* John xix. 30.

1 "'TIS FINISH'D" the Redeemer ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying head;
Whilſt we this ſentence ſcan,
Come, ſinners, and obſerve the word,
Behold the conqueſts of the Lord,
Complete for helpleſs man.

2 FINISH'D the righteouſneſs of grace,
FINISH'D for ſinners pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid:
Accuſing law cancel'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended GOD,
In ſweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now ſhall urge a ſecond claim?
The law no longer can condemn;
Faith a releaſe can ſhow:
Juſtice itſelf a friend appears,
The priſon-houſe a whiſper hears;
"Looſe him and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting, fruitleſs fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
"'TIS FINISH'D!" ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry cry.

5 His toil divinely finiſh'd ſtands,
But, ah! the praiſe his work demands,
Careful may we attend!
Concluſion to our ſouls be this,
Becauſe ſalvation FINISH'D is,
Our thanks ſhall never end.

CCCXI. *The rising Saviour.*

1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The LORD of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys! we see
JESUS, the dead, revives again!
The rising GOD forsakes the tomb:
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise)
Angelic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains;
Say, "Live for ever wondrous King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?
"And where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave!"

CCCXII. *Easter-Day.*

1 JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r:
From sin and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of GOD, look up and ſee
Your Saviour cloth'd with majeſty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, caſt off your fears,
In heav'n your manſions he prepares,
And ſoon will take you home.
3 His church is ſtill his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
He taſtes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that ſhe may ſpoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.
4 O may we all from ſin awake,
And all in heav'n our places take,
Near our exalted Head!
May all our ſouls to heav'n aſpire,
In thought, in will, in ſtrong deſire,
To carnal pleaſures dead!

CCCXIII. *Eaſter-Day.*

1 CHRIT the LORD is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels ſay!
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high; Hallelujah.
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
2 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy ſting!
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave, Hallelujah.
Where thy victory, O Grave?
3 Hail the LORD of earth and heav'n!
Praiſe to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now, Hallelujah.
Hail the reſurrection—Thou!
4 King of glory! Soul of bliſs!
Everlaſting life is this—
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove; Hallelujah:
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.

CCCXIV. *Easter-Day.*

1 BEHOLD! the bright morning appears,
And JESUS revives from the grave;
His rising removes all our fears,
And shows him almighty to save.
How strong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect his sacrifice is,
Who rose, tho' he suffer'd for sin!

2 The man who was crowned with thorns,
The man who on Calvary dy'd.
The man who bore scourging and scorn,
Whom sinners agreed to deride;
Now blessed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head,
Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was slain.

3 Believing, we share in his joy;
By faith we partake of his rest;
In hope we can cheerfully die;
For with him we expect to be blest.
This makes us regardless of fame,
And riches and honours despise;
We suffer for JESUS's name,
And die that with him we may rise.

4 We wait for his coming again,
To raise us in glory with him;
Then gladness his saints shall obtain,
His foes shall be clothed with shame.
Then shall his afflicted and poor,
From dust and the dunghill be rais'd;
Their want and disgrace are no more:
By him they with princes are plac'd.

5 Then will he moſt fully reward
The kindneſſes done to his name;
For faithfully he hath declar'd,
He takes them as deeds done to him:
"Ye bleſt of my Father, come near,
"Sit down on my heavenly throne,
"Inherit the kingdom prepar'd
"For thoſe who delight in his Son."

6 Then let us look forward to this,
And joyfully take up his croſs;
His ſervants ſhall be where he is,
And all that we loſs is but droſs;
They're honour'd whom he ſhall approve,
Their riches ſhall never decay;
Their joy is complete in his love,
Their tears ſhall be wip'd all away.

CCCXV. *Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of Chriſt.*

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our IMMANUEL roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3 Raiſe your devotions, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſt abode;
Sweet be the accents of our ſongs,
To our incarnate God.

4 Bright angels, ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe:
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our IMMANUEL's praiſe.

CCCXVI. *Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye, heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors give way.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
"Who is this King of Glory, who?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits.
And angels chant the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors give way!
"Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord, of glorious pow'r possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

CCCXVII. *The same Subject.*

1 HEAR, O heav'ns! O earth attend!
Nations hear the joyful sound!
Christ who dy'd is ris'n again,
And with endless glory crown'd.

2 See! our Intercessor lives,
Hear him plead before the throne!
"Father save my guilty flock,
"Save, for now thy will is done:

3 " Theſe are they whom I have lov'd,
" They whom thou to me didſt give;
" Theſe I purchas'd with my blood;
" Since I dy'd, O let them live!"

4 " Juſt, O well-belov'd, thy plea,
" Juſt whate'er thy lips can crave;
" Thou haſt dy'd for guilty men,
" Now I can be juſt, and ſave."

5 Bleſſed GOD! what grace is here!
How ſhall ſinners grateful prove
How that gratitude expreſs
For thy rich preventing love!

6 How! but by their love to thee,
To thy people, to thy laws,
Daily taking up their croſs,
Gladly ſuff'ring for thy cauſe?

CCCXVIII. *Aſcenſion.*

1 HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Ravish'd from our wiſhful eyes!
CHRIST, a while to mortals giv n,
Re-aſcends his native heav'n:
There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
Take the King of Glory in!

2 Him, tho', higheſt heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our LORD ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home:
There we ſhall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs reign;
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

CCCXIX. *Whitſunday.*

1 JESU we hang upon thy word
Our longing ſouls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promiſe, LORD,
Thy promiſe made to all, and me:
Thy followers, who thy ſteps purſue,
And dare believe that GOD is true.

2 Thou ſaidſt, I will the Father pray,
And he the Holy Ghoſt ſhall give,
Shall give him in our hearts to ſtay,
And never more his temples leave:
Myſelf will to my children come,
And make them mine eternal home.

3 Come then, dear LORD, thyſelf reveal,
And let thy promiſe now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace:
Thy ſorrowful diſciples cheer,
And ſend us down the Comforter.

4 He viſits now the troubled breaſt,
And oft relieves our ſad complaint;
But ſoon we loſe the tranſient gueſt,
But ſoon we droop again, and faint:
Repeat the melancholy moan—
"Our joy is fled, our comfort gone."

5 Send him, O LORD, into each heart,
Our ſure inſeparable guide:
O might we meet, and never part;
O might he in our hearts abide,
And keep his houſe of praiſe and pray'r,
And reſt and reign for ever there.

CCCXX *Breathing after the Spirit.*

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear LORD, and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great!

5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

CCCXXI *The ſame Subject.* John xvii. 24.

1 O For a ſweet inſpiring ray,
To animate our feeble ſtrains,
From the bright realms of endleſs day,
The bliſsful realms where JESUS reigns!

2 There low before his glorious throne
Adoring ſaints and angels fall,
And with delightful worſhip own
His ſmile their bliſs, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs riſe,
And love, and joy, and triumph ſpread
Thro' all th' aſſemblies of the ſkies.

4 He ſmiles, and ſeraphs tune their ſongs
To boundleſs rapture while they gaze;
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful tongues
Reſound his everlaſting praiſe.

5 There all the ranſom'd of the Lamb
Shall join at laſt the heav'nly choir;
O may the joy-inſpiring theme
Awake our faith, and warm deſire!

6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit ſeal
Our intereſt in that bliſsful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

CCCXXII. *To the Trinity.*

1 PRAISE be to the Father given,
Chriſt he gave us to ſave,
Now the heirs of heaven.

2 Pay we equal adoration
To the Son, he alone
Wrought out our ſalvation.

3 Glory to th' Eternal Spirit,
Us he ſeals, Chriſt reveals,
And applies his merit.

4 Worſhip, honour, thanks, and bleſſing,
One in three give we thee,
Never, never ceaſing.

CCCXXIII. *The Nativity.* Isa. lxi. 1.

1 HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belov'd name.

CCCXXIV. *The same subject.*

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and sinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Chriſt, by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in fleſh the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

4 Come, Deſire of Nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Riſe, the woman's conqu'ring ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head:
Adam's likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Re-inſtate us in thy love.

CCCXXV. *The Nativity.*

1 COME, thou long-expected Jeſus:
Born to ſet thy people free;
From our fears and ſins releaſe us,
Let us find our reſt in thee!
Iſrael's ſtrength and conſolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear deſire of ev'ry nation.
Joy of ev'ry longing heart!

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious throne.

CCCXXVI. *The Nativity.*

1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn;
Each heavenly pow'r
Proclaims the glad hour,
Lo! Jeſus the Saviour is born?
2 Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow, on and ſtill increaſe;
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At JESUS's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.
3 Now the good-will of heav'n is ſhown
Tow'rds Adam's helpleſs race;
Meſſiah is come
To ranſom his own,
To ſave them by infinite grace.
4 Then let us join the heav'ns above,
Where hymning ſeraphs ſing,
Join all the glad pow'rs,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Prieſt, and our King.

CCCXXVII. *Sickneſs, or Divine Correction.*

1 HOW happy the ſorrowful man,
Whoſe ſorrow is ſent from above!
Indulg'd with a viſit of pain,
Chaſtis'd by Omnipotent Love:

The Author of all his diſtreſs,
He comes by affliction to know;
And GOD he in heaven ſhall bleſs
That ever he ſuffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The ſtrokes of a merciful God;
With nearer acceſs to his throne,
My burden of folly confeſs,
The cauſe of my miſeries own,
And cry for an anſwer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction beſtow
A pow'r of applying to thee,
A ſanctify'd uſe of my wo:
I would in a ſpirit of pray'r
To all thy appointments ſubmit;
The pledge of my happineſs bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in JESUS's love:
A ſufferer here with my Lord,
With Jeſus above I ſit down,
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

CCCXXVIII. *The Grave ſanctified by Chriſt.*

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or ſhake at death's alarms!
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all the ſaints he bleſt,
And ſoft'ned ev'ry bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with the dying head?

4 Thence he aroſe and burſt the chain,
To ſhow our feet the way
From ſhades where death and darkneſs reign,
To realms of endleſs day.

5 Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid his kindred riſe;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies!

CCCXXIX. *On the Death of a Young Perſon.*

1 WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd away
By death's reſiſtleſs hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity muſt demand.

2 While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
O may this truth impreſt
With awful pow'r—I too muſt die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breaſt.

3 The voice of this alarming ſcene,
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

4 O let let us fly, to Jeſus fly,
Whoſe pow'rful arm can ſave;
Then ſhall our hopes aſcend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great GOD, thy ſov'reign grace impart,
With cleanſing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's ſurpriſing hour.

CCCXXX. *Hope in Death.*

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die:
My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale,
And ſoar to worlds on high:
Shall join the diſembody'd ſaints,
And find its long-ſought reſt,
That only bliſs for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breaſt.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain:
I ſuffer on my threeſcore years,
Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his ſervant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath JESUS bought for me!
Before my raviſh'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I ſee
And trees of paradiſe:
I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there;
They all are rob'd in ſpotleſs white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my ſuff'rings here,
If, LORD, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life and friends away:
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

CCCXXXI. *Time and Eternity*

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name;
And humbly own to thee;
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe,
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves one the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great GOD! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things;
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6 Infinite joy, or endleſs wo
Attend on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O LORD, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road:
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with GOD.

CCCXXII. *Time and Eternity*

1 IN a world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care
From eternity we borrow
Hope, that can exclude despair:
Thee, triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR!
In the glass of faith we see;
O assist each faint endeavour!
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

2 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day;
When to life thou shalt restore restore us,
Ling'ring ages, haste away!
Then this vile and sinful nature
In corruption shall put on;
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour!
Let thy gracious will be done.

CCCXXXIII. *On the Death of a Believer.*

1 'TIS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled,
The pris'ner is gone, the Christian is dead!
The Christian is living thro' JESUS's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise is JESUS's due;
Supported by grace, he fought his way thro';
Triumphantly glorious, thro' JESUS's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and hell.

3 Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and LORD with shoutings proclaim:
Who trust in his passion, and follow our Head,
To certain salvation we all shall be led.

4 O JESUS, lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteousness there:
Where dazzled with glory the seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

CCCXXXIV. *The laſt Judgment.*

1 HE comes! he comes! the Saviour dear,
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
His light'nings flaſh, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful ſoul.

2 From heav'n angelic voices ſound!
See, the almighty JESUS crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own,
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant LORD:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant LORD.

4 Shout, all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High;
Our GOD, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns;
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever and for ever reigns.

5 The Father praiſe, the Son adore,
She Spirit bleſs for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome thee, great Three-in-one!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome thee, great Three-in-one.

CCCXXXV. *The last Judgment.* 1. Theſſ. iv. 16.

1 HARK! the trump of GOD doth ſound;
And its voice is heard on high:
Now the LORD himſelf deſcends,
With a ſhout that rends the ſky.

2 See, his dead have heard the ſound!
Spring immortal from the tomb,
And with rapture meet the LORD,
Crying, "Now thy kingdom's come!"

3 Lo! his people too on earth,
In a moment chang'd all riſe,
In the clouds caught up with them,
Meet their Saviour in the ſkies.

4 See! mortality of life
Swallow'd up eternally!
Death, O Death! where is thy ſting?
Where, O Grave! thy victory?

5 Now, all tears are wip'd away;
Free from curſe and free from pain,
All CHRIST's people now with him,
Kings and prieſts for ever reign.

6 In the hope of all this joy,
Let us brethren ſtill be found
Stedfaſt in the faith of CHRIST,
And in love let us abound.

7 Let his matchleſs love and grace
To his work our ſouls conſtrain,
Knowing that our labour wrought
In the Lord ſhall not be vain.

CCCXXXVI. *The ſame ſubject.*

1 HAIL! hail! the happy, wiſh'd-for day,
When JESUS ſhall appear,
When the laſt trumpet loud ſhall ſound,
And all the dead ſhall hear.

2 They'll burſt the bands of death with joy,
And loud hoſannas raiſe:
In him who lov'd them they'll rejoice,
And glorious make his praiſe.

3 "Thou, thou art worthy," ſtill ſhall be
The burden of their ſong;
Thou haſt redeem'd us, and to thee
The glory doth belong.

4 We hope to join the grateful note,
And with loud triumph ſing
"Where, where's the vict'ry now, O Grave?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

CCCXXXVII. *The laſt Judgment.* Coloſſ. iii. 3.

1 OUR life is hid with CHRIST and GOD;
When CHRIST our life appears,
His people he'll with glory crown,
And wipe away their tears.

2 Let this, my ſoul, be all thy hope,
Let this thy thoughts employ;
Thro' this bleſt hope, in death itſelf,
There's glorious room for joy.

CCCXXXVIII. *The ſame ſubject.* Rev. i. 7.

1 LO! he comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, ſhall the true MESSIAH ſee.

3 Ev'ry, iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See! in ſolemn pomp appear!
All his ſaints by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah! ſee the day of GOD appear!

5 Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Haſten LORD, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
O come quickly, hallelujah, come, LORD, come!

CCCXXXIX. *The Jubilee.*

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn ſound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of GOD,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

3 Ye, who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above;
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of JESU's love:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

4 The goſpel-trumpet ſounds;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remoteſt bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

CCCXL. *Saturday Evening.*

1 SAFELY thro' another week
GOD has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bleſſing ſeek
On th' approaching Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the beſt,
Emblem of eternal reſt.

2 Mercies, multiply'd each hour,
Thro' the week our praiſe demand;
Guarded by Almighty Pow'r,
Fed and guarded by his hand:
Tho' ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of ſin.

3 When the morn ſhall bid us riſe,
May we feel thy preſence near,
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy houſe appear;
There afford us, LORD, a taſte
Of our everlaſting feaſt.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all our wants:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

CCCXLI. *Heaven.*

1 THERE is a land of living joy,
Beyond the utmost skies,
Where scenes of bliss without allow,
In boundless prospects rise.

2 High-seated on a blazing throne
Th' eternal GOD appears,
Puts all his smiling glories on,
And awes at once, and cheers.

3 The slaughter'd Lamb at his right hand
Assumes his royal seat,
Adoring angels round him stand,
His ministers of state.

4 Each breast with strong devotion glows,
Love ev'ry heart inspires,
While GOD's own Spirit gently blows,
And fans these holy fires.

5 In strains celestial, ev'ry tongue
Shall GOD's high praise proclaim:
And all in concert join the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

CCCXLII. *A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo, I behold the ſcatter'd ſhades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

3 I ſee the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around,
The ſkies divide to make him room,
The trumpet ſhakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "YE DEAD, ARISE!"
And lo, the graves obey;
And waking ſaints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 They leave the duſt, and on the wing
Riſe to the mid-way air,
In ſhining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6 O may our humble ſpirits ſtand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the ſkies,
On love's triumphant wing.

CCCXLII. *A Proſpect of the Reſurrection.*

1 THE haſt'ning day will ſoon arrive,
When awful death ſhall come,
And cloſe the ſcene of this vain life,
In ſilence and the tomb.

2 When in the dark and diſmal road,
Which we are doom'd to go
Our comfort be the word of GOD,
Our ſtrength againſt the foe.

3 His word, who dy'd upon the tree,
Can fortify the heart,
And ev'n in death, our minds can free,
And bid all fear depart.

4 For he's alive who once was ſlain,
And reigns exalted high;
His word can raiſe us up again,
Tho' in the grave we lie.

CCCXLIV. *The Joys of Heaven.*

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our ſong.

2 Then to the ſhining ſeats of bliſs
The wings of faith ſhall ſoar,
And all the charms of paradiſe
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

3 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy and love ſincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

4 The ſoul, from ſin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But cloth'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming Love adore.

5 There ſhall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honours to his name
Employ their joyful tongues.

6 LORD, tune our hearts to praiſe and love,
Our feeble notes inſpire;
Till in thy bliſsful courts above
We join the angelic choir.

CCCLV. *Happineſs of being with Chriſt.*

1 WHILE on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcene on either hand,
My ſpirit ſtruggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where JESUS dwells my ſoul would be;
And faints my much-lov'd LORD to ſee;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to JESU's throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That bliſsful interview, how ſweet!
To fall tranſported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

5 As with a Seraph's voice to ſing,
To fly as on a Cherub's wing!
Performing with unweary'd hands
The preſent Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet with theſe proſpects full in ſight,
We'll wait thy ſignal for the flight;
For while thy ſervice we purſue,
We find a heav'n begun below.

CCCXLVI. *Salvation approaching.* Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye ſaints, and lift your eyes,
And raiſe your voices high,
Awake, and praiſe that ſov'reign love
That ſhows ſalvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their round ſhall run,
Nor many mornings riſe,
Ere all its glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of Nature, ſpeed your courſe;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Faſt as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

CCCXLVII. *Salvation approaching.*

1 DARKNESS overſpreads us here,
But the night wears faſt away;
Jacob's ſtar will ſoon appear,
Leading on eternal day!
Now 'tis time to rouſe from ſleep,
Trim our lamps and ſtand prepar'd;
For our LORD ſtrict watch to keep,
Leſt he find us off our guard.

2 Let his people courage take,
Bear with a ſubmiſſive mind
All they ſuffer for his ſake,
Rich amends they ſoon will find:
He will wipe away their tears,
Near himſelf appoint their lot;
All their ſorrows, pains, and fears,
Quickly then will be forgot.

3 Tho' already ſav'd, by grace.
From the hour we firſt believ'd;
Yet while ſin and war have place,
We have but a part receiv'd:
Still we for ſalvation wait,
Ev'ry hour it nearer comes!
Death will break the priſon gate,
And admit us to our homes.

CCCXLVIII. *Future Peace & Glory.* Is. lx. 15--20.

1 HEAR what GOD the LORD hath ſpoken,
O my people, faint and few!
Comfortleſs, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You ſhall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates ſhall all be Praiſe.

2 There, like ſtreams that feed the garden,
Pleaſures without end ſhall flow;
For the LORD, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty ſhall beſtow;
Still in undiſturb'd poſſeſſion,
Peace and righteouſneſs ſhall reign;
Never ſhall you feel oppreſſion,
Hear the voice of war again

3 Ye, no more your ſuns deſcending,
Waning moons no more ſhall ſee;
But your griefs, for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
GOD ſhall riſe, and ſhining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He the LORD, ſhall be your glory,
GOD your everlaſting light.

CCCXLIX. *The Paſſing Bell.*

1 OFT as the bell, with ſolemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a ſoul,
Let each one aſk himſelf, Am I
Prepar'd, ſhould I be call'd to die?

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preſerves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I love below,
To God's tribunal I muſt go;
Muſt hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlaſting ſtate.

4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And ſeek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my ſins, and in me live.

5 Then when the ſolemn bell I hear,
If ſav'd from guilt, I need not fear:
Nor would the thought diſtreſſing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

6 Rather my Spirit would rejoice,
And wait impatient for thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth reſign,
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

CCCL. *Upon going to Preach.*

1 FORTH in thy ſtrength, O Lord, we go
Thy goſpel to proclaim;
Thine only righteouſneſs to ſhow,
And glorify thy name.

2 Vouchſafe thine aid to ſpeak thy word,
In this appointed hour!
Attend it with thy Spirit, Lord,
And let it come with pow'r.

3 Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make their Saviour room:
Now let them find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

4 Give them to hear the word as thine;
And while they thus receive,
Prove it the ſaving pow'r divine,
To ſinners that believe.

CCCLI. *After Preaching.*

1 GLORY to thee, our CHRIST, be giv'n,
For this thy gospelword,
Thanks for the news reveal'd from heav'n,
SALVATION from the LORD.

2 Glory to thy great name alone,
That life and pow'r imparts;
Now, Lord, thy gospel-message own,
And graft it on their hearts.

3 Now let them feel the tidings true;
Grant to thy word success;
Water it with thy heav'nly dew,
And give the wish'd increase.

4 Saviour of life, O let it prove,
And show their sins forgiv'n!
Give them that faith which works by love,
Which sweetly leads to heav'n.

CCCLII. *Prayer for Children.*

1 GRACIOUS Lord, our children see,
By thy mercy we are free;
But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?
Israel's young ones, when of old,
Pharaoh threaten'd to with-hold;
Then thy messenger said, "No;
Let the children also go."

2 When the angel of the Lord
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew, with an avenging hand:
All the first-born, of the land:
Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
Where the bloody sign was plac'd;
Hear us, now, upon our knees.
Plead the blood of Christ for these!

3 Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight
Keeps them ever in his sight:
Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
Hide them safe beneath thy wings;
Left the rav'nous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

CCCLIII. *For a National Fast-Day.*

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace, alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Thro' this apostate isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile!

4 How chang'd, alas, are truths divine
For error guilt and shame!
What impious numbers bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

5 Regardless of thy smile or frown
Their pleasures they require;
And sink, with gay indifference, down
To everlasting fire.

6 O turn thou us, almighty Lord
By thine all-conqu'ring grace!
Then shall our hearts receive thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

7 Then, ſhould inſulting foes invade,
We need not yield to fear:
Secure of never-failing aid,
If GOD, our GOD, is near.

CCCLIV. *For a National Faſt-Day.*

1 OH! may the pow'r which melts the rock
Be felt by all aſſembled here!
Or elſe our ſervice will but mock
The GOD whom we profeſs to fear.

2 Lord, while thy judgments ſhake the land,
Thy peoples' eyes are fix'd on thee;
We own thy juſt, uplifted hand,
Which thouſands cannot, will not ſee.

3 How long haſt thou beſtow'd thy care
On this indulg'd, ungrateful ſpot?
While other nations, far and near,
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
Thy glorious goſpel brightly ſhone:
And oft our enemies have felt
That GOD has made our cauſe his own.

5 But, ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels againſt his goodneſs prove.

6 His grace deſpis'd, his pow'r defy'd,
And legions of the blackeſt crimes,
Profaneneſs, riot, luſt, and pride,
Are ſigns that mark the preſent times.

7 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confeſs, and pray;
The nation and thy churches ſpare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

CCCLV. *For a National Fast-Day.*

1 DREADFUL ſin-chaſtiſing GOD,
If the decree is paſt,
If the long impending rod
Muſt ſcourge our land at laſt;
When thou riſeſt to reprove
The ſinners who thy judgments dare,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love,
Thy praying people ſpare.

2 If on ſuch a land as this,
Thou muſt avenged be,
Yet preſerve in perfect peace,
The ſouls that truſt in thee:
Hide their precious lives above,
And make them thy peculiar care,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people ſpare.

3 Mark the men who deeply ſigh
Our nature's guilt to view;
Hear their deprecating cry,
And ſave the mournful few;
Far from them thy plague remove,
The famine and the waſte of war:
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people ſpare.

4 On thy little flock of ſheep
O let thy goodneſs ſhine!
Smile on us who wiſh to weep
Beneath the hand divine.
Help us, O thou holy Dove,
To breathe the much-availing pray'r,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love,
Thy praying people ſpare.

CCCLVI. *On the Lapse of Time*

1 COME, let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till our Master appear!
His adorable will,
Let us gladly fulfil;
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way thro',
"I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord,
May receive the glad word;
"Well and faithfully done;
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

CCCLVII. *Dismission.* 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

CCCLVIII. *Dimiſſion.*

1 DISMISS us with thy bleſſing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiſs, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
Waſh all our works in Jeſu's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd ſoul releaſe,
And bid us all *Depart in peace.*

CCCLIX. *The ſame ſubject.*

1 JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee;
And join us all in one;
In our aſſemblies, ev'ry where,
Be thou our aim alone.

2 Reign thou ſole monarch of our hearts;
While we, as ſinners lie
Before the feet of thee, our Lord,
To all eternity.

CCCLX. *The ſame ſubject.*

1 FATHER, before we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down;
Let him reſide in ev'ry heart.
And bleſs the ſeed that's ſown.

Thou Fountain of eternal love,
Who gav'ſt thy Son to die;
O let thy Spirit from above,
Enlighten and apply.

CCCLXI. *The ſame ſubject.*

ONCE more before we part
We'll bleſs the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the ſame.

2 Hoard up his ſacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to ſeek to know the Lord,
And practiſe what you know.

CCCLXII. *Diminſion.* Heb. xiii. 20.

1 NOW may he, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the ſheep,
Jeſus Chriſt our King and Head,
All our ſouls in ſafety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleaſing in his ſight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preſerve us day and night!

To that dear Redeemer's praiſe,
Who the cov'nant ſeal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raiſe
Loud thankſgivings to our God.

CCCLXIII. *The ſame ſubject.*

1 LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refreſh us trav'lling thro' this wilderneſs.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy goſpel's joyful ſound;
May the fruits of thy ſalvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful to the truth may we be found!

3 So whene'r the ſignal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Born on angels wings to heav'n,
Glad the ſummons to obey,
May we ever reign with Chriſt in endleſs day!

CCCLXIV. *For the King.*

1 LORD, thou haſt bid thy people pray
For all that bear the ſov'reign ſway,
And thy vicegerent's reign,
Rulers, and governors, and pow'rs;
And, lo! in faith we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 Jeſu, thy choſen ſervant guard,
And every threat'ning danger ward
From his anointed head;
Bid all his griefs and troubles ceaſe,
And thro' the paths of heav'nly peace
To life eternal lead.

3 Cover his enemies with ſhame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes deſtroy;
But ſhow'r on him thy bleſſings down
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlaſting joy.

4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he ſeek that high abode
Late to his heav'n remove:
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy, by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.

5 And when thou doſt his ſp'rit receive
O give him, in his offspring give
Us back our king again.
Preſerve him, Providence Divine,
And let the long-illuſtrious line
To lateſt ages reign.

6 Secure us of his royal race
A man to ſtand before thy face,
And exerciſe thy pow'r;
With wealth, proſperity, and peace,
Our nation and our church to bleſs,
Till time ſhall be no more.

READING

READING HYMNS.

CCCLXV. *The relative Duties.*

1 CHRISTIANS, in your ſev'ral ſtations,
Dutiful in all relations,
Give to each his proper due;
Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you diſobey your Saviour,
His command's the rule for you.

2 Parents, be to children tender;
Children, full obedience render
To your parents in the LORD:
Never ſlight, nor diſreſpect them;
Nor thro' pride, when old reject them;
'Tis the precept of the word

3 Wives, to huſbands yield ſubjection;
Huſbands, with a kind affection
Cheriſh, as yourſelves, your wives.
Maſters, rule with moderation,
Sway'd by juſtice, not by paſſion,
To the ſcriptures ſquare your lives.

4 Servants, ſerve your maſters truly;
Not unfaithful nor unruly
To the good—nor to the bad;
Not refuſing what you're bidden;
Nor replying when you're chidden;
'Tis the ordinance of GOD.

5 This ſhall ſolve th' important queſtion,
Whether thou'rt a real Chriſtian,
Better than each golden dream:
Better far than lip-expreſſion,
Tow'ring notions, great profeſſion,
This ſhall ſhow your love to him.

CCCLXVI. *Prayer anſweared by Croſſes.*

1 I Aſk'd the LORD that I might grow
In faith and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his ſalvation know
And ſeek more earneſtly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray;
And he, I truſt, has anſwer'd pray'r;
But it has been in ſuch a way
As almoſt drove me to deſpair.

3 I hop'd that in ſome favour'd hour,
At once he'd grant me my requeſt,
And by his love's conſtraining pow'r
Subdue my ſins, and give me reſt.

4 Inſtead of this he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Aſſault my ſoul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he ſeem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo,
Croſs'd all the fair deſigns I ſchem'd
Blaſted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 LORD! why is this? I trembling cry'd:
Wilt thou purſue thy worm to death?
'Tis in this way, the LORD reply'd,
I anſwer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 Theſe inward trials I employ
From ſelf and pride to ſet thee free,
And break thy ſchemes of worldly joy,
That thou may'ſt ſeek thy all in me.

CCCLXVII. *True and falſe Zeal.*

1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love ſupplies;
But that which often bears the name,
Is ſelf in a diſguiſe.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear:
The falſe is headſtrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Chriſtian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But ſelf contends for names and forms,
Its party to increaſe.

4 Zeal has attain'd its higheſt aim,
Its wiſh is ſatisfied,
If ſinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor ſeeks it aught beſide.

5 But ſelf, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view:
And ſays, as boaſting Jehu cry'd;
"Come, ſee what I can do!"

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the beſt applauſe will gain
When JESUS ſhall appear.

7 Dear LORD! the idol Self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be ſhown,
But that which ſprings from love.

CCCLXVIII. *The deceitfulneſs of Sin.*

1 SIN has a thouſand treach'rous arts
To practiſe on the mind,
With flatt'ring looks ſhe tempts our hearts,
But leaves a ſting behind.

2 With names of virtue ſhe deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedleſs wretch believes,
She makes his fetters ſtrong.

3 She pleads for all the joys ſhe brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the ſoul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to ſenſe.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poiſon there,
And tainted all her blood.

CCCLXIX. *The power of Faith.*

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliſs,
And ſaves me from its ſnares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And ſoftens all my cares:

2 Extinguiſhes the thirſt of ſin,
And lights the ſacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure deſire.

3 The wounded conſcience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give:
That balm the ſaddeſt heart can cheer
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celeſtial worlds,
Where deathleſs pleaſures reign;
And bids me ſeek my portion there,
Nor bids me ſeek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promiſe, ſeal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to reſt
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unſhaken would I reſt,
Till this vile body dies;
And then on Faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory riſe.

CCCLXX. *Every Creature at God's command.*

1 ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever diſtreſs may betide,
The ſaints may commit all their cares
To him who will always provide.
When rain, long withheld from the earth,
Occaſioned a famine of bread,
The prophet, ſecur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was conſtantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey;
But where the LORD's people have need,
His goodneſs will find out a way.
This inſtance, to thoſe may ſeem ſtrange,
Who know not how faith can prevail
But ſooner all nature ſhall change,
Than one of GOD's promiſes fail.

3 Nor is it a ſingular caſe;
The wonder is often renew'd;
And many may ſay to GOD's praiſe,
By ravens he ſendeth them food.
Thus wordlings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and ſelfiſh their mind,
If GOD has a ſervant to feed,
Againſt their own wills can be kind.

4 Thus Satan, the raven unclean,
That croaks in the ears of the ſaints,
O'er-rul'd by a power unſeen,
Adminiſters oft to their wants:
GOD teaches them how to find food
From all the temptions they feel:
This raven who thirſts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How ſafe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He'll give them out ſtrength for their day,
Their wants he will ſurely ſupply.
He ravens and lions can tame;
All creatures obey his command:
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

CCCLXXI. *Luther's Hymn.*

1 'TIS not too arduous an eſſay,
To tread reſolv'd the goſpel way:
The ſenſual inſtinct to controul,
And warm with purer fire the ſoul.
Nature may raiſe her fleſhy ſtrife,
Reluctant to the heav'nly life;
Loath in a Saviour's death to ſhare,
Her daily croſs compell'd to bear:
But Grace Omnipotent at length,
Shall arm the ſaint, with ſaving ſtrength;
Thro' the ſharp war with aids attend,
And his long conflict ſweetly end.

2 Act but the infant's gentle part;
Give up to love thy willing heart:
No fondeſt parent's melting breaſt
Yerns, like thy GOD's, to make thee bleſt:

Taught its dear mother ſoon to know,
The tendereſt babe his love can ſhow.
Bid thy baſe ſervile fear retire;
This taſk no labour will require.

3 The ſov'reign Father, good and kind,
Wants but to have his child reſign'd:
Wants but thy yielded heart (no more!)
With his large gifts of grace to ſtore.
He to thy ſoul no anguiſh brings,
From thy own ſtubborn will it ſprings:
That foe but crucify, (thy bane!)
Nought ſhalt thou know of frowns or pain.

4 Shake from thy ſoul o'erwhelm'd, depreſt,
Th' encumb'ring load that galls her reſt;
That waſtes her ſtrength in bondage vain:
With courage break the enſlaving chain.
Let pray'er exert its conqu'ring pow'r;
Cry, in thy tempted, trembling hour,
"My God, my Father! ſave thy ſon!"—
'Tis heard—and all thy fears are gone.

5 Yet if (more earneſt plaints to raiſe)
Thy God a-while his aid delays,
Tho' you don't now his kind hand feel,
Thy grief let lenient patience heal,
Or if corruption's ſtrength prevail,
And oft thy pilgrim footſteps fail;
Pray for his grace with louder cries,
So ſhalt thou cleans'd and ſtronger riſe.

6 If haply ſtill thy mental ſhade,
Dark as the midnight gloom be made,
On the ſure faithful arm divine
Firm let thy faſt'ning truſt recline.
The gentleſt Sire, the beſt of Friends,
To thee nor loſs, nor harm intends:

Tho' toſt on a tempeſtuous main,
No wreck thy veſſel ſhall ſuſtain;
Should there remain of reſcuing grace
No glimpſe, no footſtep left to trace:
Hear thy Lord's voice:—'tis Jeſus' will,
"Believe, thou poor dark pilgrim, ſtill."

7 Then thy ſad night of terrors paſt,
(Tho' the dread ſeaſon long may laſt,)
Sweet light ſhall, from the tranquil ſkies,
Like a fair-dawn before thee riſe.
Then ſhall thy faith's bright grounds appear,
Thy eyes ſhall view ſalvation clear.
Be hence encourag'd more when try'd,
On the beſt Father to confide.
Ah! from thy mind extirpate quite
The ſickly films that cloud her ſight:
See! of how rich a lot, how bleſt,
The true believer ſtands poſſeſt!

8 Come, backward ſoul! to God reſign;
Peace, his bleſt bleſſing, ſhall be thine!
Boldly recumbent on his care,
Caſt thy felt burthens only there.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thanks, praiſe, and glory be;
As was, and is, and ſhall be ſtill
To all eternity.

II.

To God in perſons Three,
All glory be therefore;
As in beginning was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

III.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be praiſe amidſt the heav'nly hoſt,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bleſs'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

IV.

Praiſe GOD, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

V.

Sing we to our GOD above
Praiſe eternal as his love;
Praiſe him, all ye heav'nly hoſt;
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

FINIS.

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